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Logan



P A R G A.

A P O E M.

*« Oh ! he would rather houseless roam,
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home,
That crouches to the conquerors creed. »*

LALLA ROOKH.

PASNAU



Rosmäster in Dresden 1821.

Corsar

✓
THE
WORKS
OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON.

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To  
**SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH,**  
**BART. M. P.**

THE UNWEARIED ADVOCATE OF LIBERAL POLICY  
AND ENLIGHTENED PHILANTHROPY,

**THIS POEM.**

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



SIR JAMES MACINTOSH,

B.A.N.T. M. H.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

AND KING'S COLLEGE

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

The fate of Parga, so universally known, and so universally execrated, needs neither the creative imagination of the poet, nor the animating voice of the orator, to excite pity for the sufferings of the inhabitants, and indignation against those by whose narrow-minded policy she fell. — The first Canto of this Poem, at least as far as the twenty-second page, may be considered as merely preliminary matter, and perhaps somewhat irrelevant to the subject — in the remainder of this Canto, I have given what I conceived to be a description of the feelings of the Parguinotes, when they were first informed of the faithless conduct of Britain. In the second Canto, I have interwoven a tale of individual distress, with the narration of melancholy but historical truths. I am aware that the versification will have to encounter some severe criticism, yet as I am convinced from experience, that all critics are not FADLADEENS, but, that on the contrary, some of them possess enlightened minds and highly respectable talents, I submit it cheerfully to their judgment, entertaining no apprehensions from the dictum of those who are swayed by party prejudice, and governed by the evil genius of party politics.







~~~~~

P A R G A.

—

C A N T O I.

I.

O PARCA! Parga! land of many wrongs,

Land bowed beneath the oppressor's iron rod,
Methinks I hear e'en now thy dirge-like songs;

I hear and shudder—can it be, O God!

Unhappy clime! I weep to trace thy fall, ¹ 5

Blush for my country—yet not blush for *all*;

But for those men who will in history's page

Be loudly cursed—the Vampires of our age,

Who live by blood, and revel in distress,

Scarce leaving life to those whom they oppress, 10

II.

Deserted, houseless wanderers! — those hands
Which urged by feeling raised the funeral pyre,
Were not designed by God for slavery's bands;
Nor were those hearts to perish in the fire,
Kindled by men to vengeful madness driven, 15
To sacrifice their lives to liberty and Heaven.

Oh what an age of horror was that hour!
When the graves yawn'd — gave up their
mould'ring bones!
Did ye not curse the cruel despot's power?
Did ye not cry for vengeance? Had your groans
Been deep and awful as the thunder's peal, 21
Who could have said 'twas wrong! what heart
refuse to feel?

Power, like the whirlwind of the fell Simoom,
Hath wrench'd ye from your land, your bliss,
your home;

Given ye to men, who, like the wily snake, 25
First fascinate the wretch whose life they mean
to take.

III.

Ill-fated Parga! though by Statesmen sold,

Who yell loud peals when disgraceful treaties
Repay them for a waste of blood and gold;

Thy wrongs made light of — scorn'd thy wild
entreaties: 30

Yet doth the world curse them — could curses
blight

Their noonday pride, all would with them be night.

And when they of their patriot virtues speak,

Their virtue! Heavens! their cares are for
themselves.

Oppression — Rights suspended for those elves
They govern — men whose laws they break. 36

Their cant of virtue's like the discordant note

A parrot speaks — not felt, but learnt by rote.

One word shall awe them when they next relate

Their worth, their wisdom — Parga! Parga's fate!

IV.

Methinks I see the mothers' spirits languish, 41
Yet hiding from their weeping babes their anguish,
As when expecting death — Sad expectation! thus
To wait the dagger, or renounce the cross,
They trembling stand, and shake at every breath,
In all the agony of protracted death. 46

Sold in the market — like vile cattle sold 2

By plodding politicians, scorned though trusted,
Patriots self-dubbed — *bought* with a nation's gold,

Art on their souls like rust on steel encrusted.

Patriots! Ah, no — do Patriots act like this? 51

Betray, like Judas, with a friendly kiss!

Barter their nation's honour, and disgrace

Their King — themselves — to hold secure each
place?

V.

Oh Caracalla! though thine heart was steel, 3 55
We've men like thee, who long have ceased to
feel.

More wide th' arena where our victims fell —
Thought must supply what words now may not tell.
Harrowing the thought! death blow to England's
pride!

She now revives what Rome had set aside. 60
Her hostile cannon batters neutral walls, 4
And loud «hoc habets» tell a nation falls.

VI.

O Parga! Parga! Britain has no king,
He knows not, or would ease thy suffering,
He would have boldly claim'd his right to save 65
Thy wretched sons from worse than living grave;
Scorned the intrigues by which your country fell,
Rescued the cross, and crushed the infidel.
Once Albion rose the mistress of the world;
Awed Europe's tyrants, and her vengeance hurled
On the oppressor's head. —— Far other now; 70
She lends her sickle to the Turkish plough,
And falsely glories in the shameful crime,
To root a race of patriots from their clime.



VII.

Say ye who would be saints — ye holy players, 75
Who sign death-warrants, and groan forth your
prayers;

Whose conscience moulds as easily as wax,
To gospel missions, or a heavy tax;

Who blest with second-sight, can boldly say,
A starving nation's in «a thriving way.» 80

Shall not the Eternal all your boldness awe,

And pass on you the sentence of his law?

Placed on his left-hand to your master giv'n,

Behold your victims are received in Heaven.

Wide yawns the gulph to take the culprits in, 85

And proves oppression is at least a sin.

Enough of this — the contemplation seems

Like the death-knell that points a mortal's fate.

The torn heart feels — Ah! would it were but
dreams

The wreck of virtue more than desolate. 90

Ye would-be saints, doff, doff, each saintly cowl,

Be in hypocrisy awhile remiss —
As raging furies round Orestes howl,
So cries a nation for such deeds as this.

VIII.

What was thy crime, O Parga! hard the fate 95
That cast thy children from their parent state,
While thy *protectors* basely, calmly stood,
Like Caesar sprinkled with Pharsalia's blood,
Wooing soft pleasure in his mistress' arms —
Nor eased thy pains nor soothed thy wild alarms.
What was thy crime? — Say, did the lynx-eyed
pair, 100
Like Macbeth, see a dagger in the air?
It must be so — — with loyal vengeance hot,
They found out Parga had a *meal-tub plot*.
Then with the pious workers of good works, 105
Condemned the traitors to their friends, the
Turks.

With what excess of feeling they declaim

'Gainst others tyranny — degrade the name
 Of him, the exile of the sea-girt rock,
 Whose acts apalled them like an earthquake's
 shock. 110

But by a lapse of memory forget,
 If he were cruel, they're more cruel yet.
 Have they not done as Balak did of old
 To seer and prophet a sad story told,
 Their deeds exclaiming to all virtuous men, 115
 Come, curse me Parga! — kill me, Walcheren!

IX.

Bliss is a shadow shrinking from the view,
 Lost in the distance in obscurest gloom,
 The aërial phantom we through life pursue,
 From reason's dawning till we reach the tomb.
 What woes and blessings Albion rest on thee! 121
 Thy Monarch lives, but lives for thee no more,
 The blast of fate has struck the noblest tree
 That ever rose on thy dishonoured shore.
 Life's autumn-tide to him is joyless now, 125

For ah! no kind affection can he prove;
Sometimes may pleasure light his aged brow,
When truant memory paints a nation's love.
Oh! thou art happy, monarch most revered,
Thus to be spared by heaven, a scene so seared 130
With the deep marks of baseness! while we
view,
We pray with fervour we were spared it too;
And never, never may our children see,
Parga's sad fate, or Denmark's tragedy.

X.

And thou, great ——! 'twas reserved for thee
To rival Parga's scene of misery; 136
And nature gave thee, man without control,
A mortal's body, with a Nero's soul;
Hell lent her fires, ⁵ and thou hast seized the
brand,
To burn the humble tenants off thy land; 140
Not rich enough, but richer far than good,
A sheep-fold rises where a cottage stood;

Shame on the laws, that justice thus should
sleep,

And great men trample on what poor men keep.

He who's next hung for *arson* sure may plead, 145

That his and —'s were the self same deed.

Act noble Lord, as Roman nobles did,

Be feeling, virtue, now thy heart forbid;

Spread the full board, and bid thy vassals come

Like gladiators in the ancient Rome, ⁶ 150

To tear the hearts from out each others breasts,

To please thy fancy and delight thy guests.

S — — h shall say the deed was nobly done,

And C — — h pronounce it *glorious fun*;

Laugh at the scene, quaff draughts of blood,

and then 155

Tell Parga's tale, and sing of Walcheren.

XI.

Come, noble — — ! bathe thy limbs in gore,

Surpass all tyrants that have lived of yore;

Bid thy fair dame, from whom all feeling's fled,

Produce the charger with the victim's head ; 160
And as some ancient noble brutes have done,
Let the sire's blood fall trickling on the son.
Thou'rt yet but half a demon — raise thine ire,
'Tis Devil's pastime to disport in fire;
Oppress and spare not — by some mighty spell,
Dethrone old Eblis, and reign thou in hell, 166
While shouts of demons echo in thine ear,
Sing «Io Pean!» — Parga's rival's here!
Reflect one moment on that lovely spot,
By *birth* inherited — by *virtue* not. 170
A palace radiant with the works of art,
What canst thou want, O ——! but a heart?
How soon may'st thou, proud, selfish minion,
share
The wreck of life — the tortures of despair,
And envy even the wretched, hopeless lot, 175
Of tenants weeping o'er a burning cot.
To thee on earth too bounteous wealth was given,
Thy fate is doubtful — but *their* hope is heaven!
From petty perfidy to mighty wrongs,

Not that loud voice which gained our chartered
laws —

Its power hath lessened as we've lost our cause,
The hopes so fondly prized were evanescent,

Not lasting even one short fleeting moon, 200
Ne'er reaching full, but waning ev'n in crescent;
Transient as clouds at summer's beaming noon.

XIII.

Who did not curse the despots of Algiers, 7
Whose victims pined in slavery and tears?
Hear S — h rave with pious indignation, 205
See C — h bewail, sans affectation,
That craft and cruelty which many years
Ignobly stained, *demoralized* Algiers!
Fly, cried the one — and to the pirates roam; —
Then hung up wretches for his sport at home: 210
Fly, said the other, send them o'er the Styx; —
Then sought for plots, and ruined catholics.
Of such description, Parga, are thy friends,
The men who sold thee for their private ends;

Hadst thou been some deserted, worthless state,
 From whence its princes coward exiles wait; 216
 Where jobs could add to C——g's store of
 wealth,

And pay his children's voyage for their health;
 Thou yet mightst stand if thou couldst only pay
 With dogs and china, L—y C——h. 220

* * * * *

* * * * *

XIV.

When Parga fell to Moslem power,
 How vile the deed, how sad the hour!
 She stood a form enrobed in shroud,
 Shining like star through pale grey cloud;
 While round her varied beauties break, 225
 Like rainbows o'er Velinus' lake; 8
 Which all their magic charms diffuse,
 From noontide blue, to sun-set hues.
 But now she looks like levelled pine,
 Dashed from the wood-girt Apennine, 230

By Avalanche's thundering fall,
Threat'ning to wreck and bury all.
Thou wilt be, for thou canst not err,
No nation but a sepulchre;
Where not one sound of harmony, 235
Shall check the owlet's midnight cry,
That deeply falls from ruin lone,
Deserted cot, and ivied stone —
A silent, valued wilderness —
Like ruins of Nicopolis. 240
Where but the traveller's foot shall stray,
To trace thy site, and curse the day
That wrenched ye from your all of life,
With murderous art and vengeful strife.
Oh! 'twas a deed more cruel far, 245
Than pirate chiefs of Ithaca,⁹
Inflict on those unhappy men,
Who linger in their loathsome den,
For whom the ransom price in gold,
No kind relation e'er hath told; 250

Though bleeding vein and maimed limb,
Are sent to mark the fate of him —

XV.

Secure in Britain's plighted faith,
They looked like tree which lightnings scathe;
When landing from his light caique, 255
Thus spake a wand'ring island Greek.

«O men of Parga grasp the steel,
«Assert your country's woe or weal;
«For round you greater danger floats,
«Than if 'mongst fierce Chimariotes. 260
«Remember that terrific day,
«When Ali conquered Preveza;
«And Gardiki's soul-piercing scream,
«When flowed her blood like mountain stream,
«And ebb'd from each expiring heart, 265
«While cursing Bia's warlike art.¹⁰
«Dark Ali long has doomed your fall,
«By deep intrigue or hostile ball;

«And ye must all or bleed or fly,
«As Eneas did from burning Troy; 270
«From the last spot which Greece can claim,
«Retaining Christian's hallowed name —
«From the small spot where now will die,
«The last of Grecian liberty;
«Which over you was wont to play, 275
«Like sun o'er hills of Agrapha.
«Wake, Parga, from thy lethargy,
«And freemen live, or freemen die;
«For like the lamp in Roman tomb,
«Hath liberty dispersed the gloom, 280
«Which fell in shadows o'er your fate,
«From Greece's fall, to Ali's hate —
«But now the vengeful Moslem's call,
«Alhandillah! ¹¹ for Parga's fall.
«Does not th' unholy crescent beam 285
«On Maitland's breast with sparkling gleam, ¹²
«To mark the Sultan's gratitude
«For Parga's fate — Preveza's blood?
«We who have seen the awful day

«Of Bucintro and Vonizza — 290
 «Beheld the curdling gory stream,
 «And heard the mother's frantic scream;
 «The last wild shriek of deep despair,
 «Borne to our ears on echoing air,
 «When Preveza unpitied fell 295
 «Beneath the power of fiend of hell.
 «Callous to feeling or remorse,
 «Whose crescent beams above the cross,
 «Planted on many a Christian corse —
 «May fear his power — his faith we know 300
 «Is like the noontide Iris bow,
 «Fair to the eye its varied hue —
 «But fading, false, and transient too.”

* * * * *
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XVI.

«But mark that Caloyer's silent motion,
 «Like signal light to ship on ocean; 305
 «Bids ye beware of some one nigh,

«Of faithless friend, or Turkish spy.
«The Moslem's come to seal our doom,
«And wrest the cross from Grecian tomb;
«Then what can point to strangers eye, 310
«The graves of men who ne'er can die,
«Except some tablet marks our fall,
«Like that upon Gardiki's wall. 13

* * * * *

XVII.

«Oh England! Parga falls by thee,
«Thou who should'st advocate the free, 315
«And crush the treacherous crouching slave,
«Who would make thee, like him, a knave —
«Her port of waters sweet no more — 14
«Bitter as Marah's were of yore,
«Shall bear from Greece to Albion's coast, 320
«The curses of the state thou'st lost;
«And in our hearts the echo lingers,
«Like harp that's touch'd by trembling fingers.»

XVIII.

The sun declines — and breezes float
From towering hills of Epirote; 325
And those blue clouds which gave them birth,
Seem bending to embrace the earth;
While o'er the waves the last rays play,
Like varying hues on Cataract's spray.
And shadows from the upland's gleam, 330
In darker shades o'er land and stream.

“Who's he that comes in English garb,
“The arrows of distress to barb,
“Who scarcely stops to gasp for breath,
“As tho' he rode for life or death; 335
“He looks of sullen froward mood,
“And drips his jaded steed with blood;
“Onward he draws — his glances break
“Like steams from fell Avernus' lake.
“He comes to tell how Ali won 340
“By art, our land from sire and son —
“Whose freedom's fled — whose glory's gone —

«We fall, but we are not subdued,
 «'Tis but our lease of woes renewed.
 «And if our star of hope's laid low, 345
 «'Twas treachery that struck the blow —
 «Thy message, be thou friend or foe?» —

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

XIX.

The Courier paused, for on his ear
 Struck sounds which gave him deepest fear;
 A while he gazed — then named the hour, 350
 Parga must yield to Turkish power;
 Though Albion would protect them still,
 From Ali Pasha's lawless will.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

«Then what are we, and what art thou?
 «Thy faith like cloud on mountain's brow, 355
 «Trades with the gust of wind that flies
 «O'er ocean wave, from nether skies.
 «Thou wilt protect! — Yes, the same way

«As tygers do their helpless prey;
«Or we, who've been for centuries free, 360
«Should not, at last, have fall'n by thee.
«England, like Helietrope, inclines
«To where the sun the brightest shines.
«And who or what is he for whom
«Sad Parga's doomed to endless gloom? 365
«A rebel chief whose vices rise,¹⁵
«Like hill whose summit gains the skies;
«We fall — the world in us may see,
«The charnel-house of liberty.
«But tell us, Albion — tell us why 370
«That thou, our trusted firm ally,
«Didst, like an Asp, in secret sting,
«Those whom thou sheltered 'neath thy wing?
«The deed was worthy Ali's friends —
«On thee a nation's curse impends; 375
«And warrior, whosoe'er thou art,
«In pity to our woes depart,
«And bear this message back with thee —
«The Parguinotes to Ali's power,

«Bow not like thirsty plants to shower — 380
 «If Parga ceases to be free,
 «She must in one wide ruin fall,
 «Deserted and renounced by all.»

XX.

Whence comes that sound of woman's wail,
 Echoing like death-shot through the vale? 385
 Again the mournful note's began,
 Like weeping friends o'er dying man;
 And now 'tis loud as torrents rave,
 Now like the noise of distant wave;
 Sure 'tis some fierce and dreadful strife, 390
 Where struggle all for death or life.

* * * * *

And Parga's sons in close divan,
 With fortitude surpassing man,
 Swear by each prized and sacred shrine,
 The cross of Christ, the faith divine, 395
 To quit their land the wretched day,

That gives them for a tyrant's prey.
 To fly his power — to doubt his word,
 And fear his hostile, blood-stained sword;
 And rather by each other die, 400
 Than share the fate of Gardiki.

XXI.

Oh ye who laugh at misery's pains,
 And add a fetter to her chains;
 Or, like the vile assassin wound,
 Where to protect your faith was bound. 405
 How soon may fall your self-willed pride!
 Ere dews descend at evening tide,
 Your souls may bleed with painful throes,
 And ask our pity for your woes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The beams of hope, like light from Heaven, 410
 Illume the heart, which woe hath riven;
 And surely cursed by fate are they,

Who've never felt its genial sway.
'Tis like the star in æther twinkling,
Or shower the orange flowers besprinkling; 415
Or dew that lurks in flowrets bell,
Which gathers sweets from where it fell.

XXII.

Who loves his country hopes the best,
Though on him ill on ill be prest;
And though his cheek be blanched and pale, 420
Still will the fire of soul prevail;
When he in memory dares to trace
His country's wrongs — his own disgrace.
And thus, despite of anguished pain,
Arose the bard of Parga's strain: 425
The spirit of the deathless Greeks,
In every word and accent breaks
In voice of pride, or cadence slow,
He strove to soothe the general woe.

«Courage sons of Parga's land,
Steel the heart, and nerve the hand;
For though our sun has set in pain,
'Twill rise with brighter beams again.

«Mark how deep that shadow falls
O'er yon turret's towering walls;
As that shadow falls, so we
Will yet regain our liberty.

«Miltiades again may rise
From Parga's ashes to the skies,
Soothe our woes — relieve our pains,
And bind our tyrants in our chains

«Courage, brothers — courage all,
Tho' we to Moslem tyrants fall;
Cease to mourn, for Parga will
Be like Palmyra, lone and still.

«A desart clime — a dreary void —

The bridegroom meets a clay-cold bride —

No pleading voice — no sound to cheer —

His own in echoes greets his ear.

«Art thou not, Parga, in distress,

Like Israel in the wilderness?

Thy bliss hath fled like buds from trees,

Dispersed by power's unkindly breeze.

«Yet courage, land of many wrongs,

To thee man's choicest gift belongs;

Where'er we fly, whate'er we be,

We still are sons of liberty.

«Courage, land of the free and brave,

Where Grecian freedom finds a grave;

Courage, land, which fiends enthrall,

And if we perish, perish all.»

CANTO II.

I.

TIME's noiseless tide that wafts with gentle gales
The bark of life adown its flowing stream,
Lowers at his nod the softly swelling sails,
And checks the prospects of the brightest dream.
Some born to bloom in youth and beauty's pride
Fade ere the morning of their day be run, 466
While longer years do other some betide,
Who sink as gently as the setting sun —
And Parga fell by Man — Time had no power —
Her liberty was short and sweet withal — 470
Fragrant as breeze that blows o'er almond-flower,
Transient as echoes that from ruins fall.

Parga becomes a name — a name to brand
 With lasting infamy the venal band
 Who drove her hapless sons from out their na-
 tive land. 475

II.

And what would'st thou whose thund'ring tread
 Sounds as 'twould wake the slumbering dead?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“The Moslems come in phalanx strong —
 “E'en now I marked them wind along
 “By yon clump of Pomegranate trees, 480
 “Whose blossoms scent the passing breeze.
 “I saw the crescent shine and rise
 “Like evening star in cloudless skies,
 “And heard, as from their gaze I drew,
 “Muezzin's chant the ,Alla Hu!’¹ 485
 “While with resounding ziraleet,²
 “The Moslem troops their prophet greet.
 “See Ali Pasha comes from far,
 “Eclipsing Parga's sparkling star;

«His passion's like volcanic flame, 490
«His treachery and his heart's the same;
«And what are we within the grasp
«Of tyger fierce or subtle asp?»

III.

He ceased — a silence reigned profound,
Nor voice nor step was heard around; 495
It was as if Death's withering hand
Had touched the whole of Parga's land:
It was as if the injured brave
Had sudden found an earthquake's grave,
With not a vestige left to trace 500
Of him or her, the name or race;
And not a single lifeless corse
To wake or pity or remorse;
Nor frail memorial left to say,
Where patriots fell, or heroes lay. 505

That silence breaks — in echoes loud
As deaf'ning peal from thunder cloud —

That silence breaks — with torturing groan,
Like shriek of pain, or dying moan
Of him who hurl'd from Tarpeian rock, 510
Dies ling'ring from the dreadful shock;
And life expires like one faint flash
Of light when thunders cease to clash.

IV.

Up rose a venerable sage,
Silver'd by time and bent by age, 515
Yet still he grasped, like younger man,
The bright tophaike and ataghan;
And still his eye shot glance of fire,
And now his frame was shook with ire,
While passion beamed upon his brow, 520
Like death upon a caique's prow.

“If this be true,” the sage began,
“There is indeed no faith in man.
“But why with evils calmly cope,
“With all to fear and nought to hope? 525

« Ye men of Parga let us fall,
« Like those whom fate hath wrenched from all,
« Since Albion's sons, for Turkish pay,
« Have sold our land and rights away;
« We still have sabres, all can use — 530
« Give them a stain they ne'er shall lose.
« If the accursed Moslems come
« To seal at once our country's doom,
« Be like the rav'nous bird of prey,
« And mark with blood and death your way. 535
« You've yet a lesson dark to learn,
« All fear to slight — all love to spurn.
« Sooner than yield to Turkish power,
« Let havoc mark the awful hour;
« And seal your fate with fearful deeds, 540
« Though heart is torn and bosom bleeds.
« I have a daughter, and than her,
« Not Jephtha's child was lovelier;
« She first shall bleed, and not a tear
« Of mine shall grace her funeral bier — 545
« I love her for her mother's sake,

«And had she died my heart must break ,
«For she is tender as the dove ,
«Whose very soul is formed of love ;
«Nor say to fire my throbbing brow , 550
«'Tis guilt — it was — but is not now :
«It beams like lightning's awful beam —
«The horrors of a dreadful dream —
«Let wife — let children fall , and then
«Turn on your foes and act like men. 555
«Crush faithless Christian — Infidel ,
«And leave but one the tale to tell ,
«How Parga conquered when she fell ;
«And Christian — Helot — Osmanlie ,
«Shall pity when they speak of thee. 560
«Turn Parguinotes with vengeance keen ,
«Like those who fought at Thrasimene ,
«Unheeding e'en the earthquake's shock ,
«Which turns the waves and splits the rock. » 3

* * * * *

V.

Slow rises in a dusky cloud, 565
Unhappy Parga's funeral shroud;
And as the mould'ring bones consume,
Blazes like star through midnight gloom.
In clouds of smoke the ashes soar,
Far from the land now theirs no more. 570
Torn from their narrow earthly grave,
To float in air, or sink in wave;
Denied repose in that last bed,
Where «cold oblivion's» curtain's spread.
Yes, Parga, this sad scene was thine, 575
A bitter draught — an awful sign,
A lesson to the brave and free,
From England to Thermopylæ.
An age of care, an age of pain,
Such as thou would'st not live again. 580
Tis thought of woe, 'tis thought of sadness,
Torturing the soul to very madness.

VI.

She comes, old Andreas' lovely daughter,
Like sun-beams rising from the water;
Blushing like hue of Indian flower, 585
When falls eve's gentle dewy shower;
Looking like spirit of the blest,
Midst beauty's throng the loveliest.
And when her eyes her father greet,
So mildly calm, so sadly sweet, 590
Like summer rains that sunshine meet,
It is not difficult to trace,
That tears do blanch her beauteous face.
Her eye is mild — serene her air,
Nor beaming anger, nor despair; 595
But seeming half-resigned, half-loath,
Like her who takes the vestal oath,
As round her form her mantle folding,
She stands in silent grief beholding
The ruin of her native land 600
By faithless Britain's treacherous hand.

VII.

Like the Mimosa to the breeze ,
Old Andreas trembles when he sees
His daughter, fair as Thetis, come
To meet her agonizing doom — 605
He raised his hands to Heaven and sigh'd,
Like murmurs of the distant tide;
His soul seems wrapt in deep despair,
He would — but could not breathe a prayer.
To speak to bless, he oft essayed, 610
'Twas vain, all power of speech was fled,
And quivering fell the sparkling blade
From hand as nerveless as the dead —
His tongue was mute, his eye was glazed,
His arms now folded, and now raised; 615
'Twas love and duty's final strife,
That agonizing hour of life,
When patriot zeal and feeling press
The heart that shuns the fond caress;
Struggling for momentary power, 620
Like sun and storm at noontide hour.

It was a lesson dearly bought,
A torturing scene, a maddening thought;
A dreadful vision — horrid view,
Most darkly drear — most sternly true, 625
As float upon his anguished mind,
Those forms which love hath left behind.

VIII.

Who that has lived an age of pain
Would weave the web of life again,
And on the withering texture trace 630
Those forms which every hour efface?
Joy's spectres fading from the view,
Yet buoying up our hopes anew —
Again to flutter on the verge
Of life's contending billowy surge? 635
What, though thy star should brightly glisten,
What, though to pleasure's lays ye listen,
An hour those dreams of joy may sever,
And bliss from thee be dashed for ever.
Yet hope still flutters in the breast, 640

Like captive dove in vulture's nest.

* * * * *

IX.

No sound save sighs the silence broke,

Till thus the weeping Haidée spoke —

«And why, my sire, that agony,

«That dreadful glance from tearless eye, 645

«Which beams at times like mountain flame?

«That silent passion — shuddering frame,

«Which looks as though thy bursting heart

«Were torn and quivering part from part?

«We stand like souls on ruin's brink, 650

«Unknowing how to rise or sink;

«Condemned, like the Thracian bird, 5

«To wing through dreary life distress,

«Our sorrows slighted — sighs unheard,

«Without a spot of love or rest. 655

«The vile imperial hypocrite,

«Great Aurungzebe⁶ of olden time,

«In blakest villainy was white,

« Compared with this foul man of crime,
 « Who like the Indian viper lay ⁷ 660
 « In balsam leaves to sting his prey.
 « Look up my father, bless thy child,
 « Of all, save thee and Heaven, beguiled.
 « Her heart, like withering sun-burnt flower,
 « Which never felt descending shower — 665
 « Look up and soothe thy friend's distress,
 « Though Parga be a wilderness,
 « Where may the fell hyæna stray
 « From blushing morn to closing day,
 « Think how our fate for vengeance cries, 670
 « Whilst love and life we sacrifice! »

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

X.

Oh where is the heart which no feeling awakes,
When the tear from the soft eye of loveliness
breaks?

So tenderly sad is their bright azure hue,
Like the flower of the Lotus enveloped in dew —

For tender affection, like buds upon trees, 676
Expands to the sun-beams and braves the keen
breeze.

Like the white scented blossom which decks the
sweet thorn,

It sheds perfumes at eve, and fresh sweets in
the morn,

Like roses from nature's best beauties 'tis born,
But alas, like the roses concealing a thorn. 681

XI.

Scarce had her bosom time to beat,
Ere she knelt low at Andreas' feet;
So mild her voice — so soft her sigh —
She looked like Peri from the sky, 685
Waiting the soul of him who dies,
To waft it into Paradise.

And who that gazing stood would dare
To think that aught but Heaven was there,
Though half the brightness of her brow 690

Was hid by throbbing anguish now?

Yet charm succeeding charm we see,

Like blossoms on the Alma tree. 8

Unhappy maid! this fatal day

Must see thy every hope decay —

695

And aged Andreas, how felt he,

When life to beat again began?

Like drifted bark on stormy sea,

So looked the father — felt the man —

XII.

«My child,» he said, in humbled tone,

700

Sad as some fleeting spirits moan,

«I've sworn to do a ruthless deed,

«To serve my country's latest need.

«But oh if power by pitying Heaven

«Was e'er to hov'ring angel given,

705

«Thou dearest Haidée soon wilt share

«The purest bliss — the holiest care —

«My heart is lone and desolate,

«Scorched by the Kerzrah blast of fate. 9

«And happy they whose death-sealed eyes 710
 «Behold not Parga's miseries,
 «Nor bend to that foul fiend of blood,
 «Vilest of all the Moslem brood.»

* * * * *

XIII.

Like foam which gleams o'er sunken rocks,
 Is anguish clouding hope's last thought; 715
 Or the faint midnight dream which mocks
 The sweet delusion that it taught.
 Ah! hapless Parguinotes, your years
 Float like the ship through Gate of Tears; 10
 And Parga's freedom — Parga's pride, 720
 Fall 'neath oppression's whelming tide.
 The crimson flush that paints that cheek,
 A paler hue's now doomed to meet,
 As silvery clouds o'er crimson break,
 A flow'ret lost in snowy sleet — 725
 Wherefore, Haidée, that deep emotion,

Trembling like rolling wave of ocean?
Why clasps she thus her hands of snow,
As if to hold some God below;
See, falls unbound her raven hair, 730
Nor braid nor gem is sparkling there;
She shrinks like shrub which death-winds blight —
Her griefs and life will close to night.
And Andreas lifts the steel of death
With trembling hand and gasping breath. 735
That boldness from his soul is rent,
Which even deep despair had lent;
And as he points it to her heart,
His eyes averted seek each sire
Who next must act the murderer's part, 740
Or fall by Moslem steel or fire.

XIV.

Who comes on fiery steed which laves
With foam like that on topmost waves?
Distant as mist on mountain's brow,
He comes, he comes, they marvel now — 745

His name and message yet unknown,
He rides for life, but rides alone —
He comes with speed of lightning's gleam,
So quick his courser's footsteps seem,
It may perchance be phantom form, 750
Foretelling Parga's blood-red storm —
Whoe'er thou art — whate'er thou be,
Bear'st thou our final destiny?
He nearer draws with speed of thought,
And mark, his eye hath Haidée caught; 755
The throng divide to let him pass,
Like parting stream of lava mass
He comes, and loud pulses beat,
As echo mocks his courser's feet;
His speed outstrips the flying wind, 760
And leave e'en echo's plaints behind;
Till, trembling, Haidée now he sees,
And speaks his soul's fierce agonies.

XV.

«Hold, hold thy hand, thou desperate man,
 «And drop thy pointed ataghan, 765
 «Which never yet with life's-blood blushed —
 «Shall such a flower as this be crushed?
 «Hold — ere the crimson stream be poured
 «Like op'ning torrent o'er thy sword.
 «Their murderous march the monsters stay, 770
 «And Parga is not yet their prey:
 «Then drop thy arm, and dry thy brow,
 «For Heaven absolves thee from thy vow,
 «Haidée shall love, and Parga triumph now.»

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'The Moslems halt' — the pleasing thrill, 775
 In every bosom lingers still,
 Like morn that breaks from dusky shroud,
 Or flash of light from heavy cloud —
 A sunbeam o'er each heart comes on,
 As rainbows shine when showers are gone. 780
 Yet still the heart too newly blest,

Distrusts the transient gleam of rest,
And in the olive garland weaves
A branch of weeping cypress leaves.

«Haidée, look up — awake my love — 785

«Behold thy flutt'ring Bagdat dove, ¹¹

«Which made to me thy danger known,

«Rests on the heart that's thine alone,

«And would be, were I sund'ed wide

«From thee — as all I lov'd beside; 790

«Wake — wake my love — by Luna's ray,

«We'll sail across yon dark blue sea

«And I will ever bless the day,

«That urg'd my speed to succour thee.»

Behold that sweet and trembling flower, 795

Bowed down to earth by furious shower,

Like maiden who bewildered wakes,

From visions wandering fancy makes;

Looks round as though she still must keep

Some dread, delusive dream of sleep; 800

And o'er her pallid cheeks still stray,
Tears that 'twere vain to wipe away.

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XVI.

Haidée, with trembling fingers prest
Her lover's hand — and on his breast
Breathes that soft, melting, piteous sigh, 805
Which speaks of happiness gone by;
Like those by weeping Angels giv'n,
For dying soul that falls from Heav'n;
And still she strives, but strives in vain,
To hide or conquer innate pain. 810
Yet that internal voiceless grief,
Gleans from her lover's looks relief,
Which falls like dew on dying roses,
Or Sol's bright beam when morn uncloses;
As yet her silence ne'er hath broken, 815
For though she weeps she hath not spoken;

Seeming, as pants her breast for breath,
A beauteous bride betrothed to death.

XVII.

And Andreas, who by funeral fire,
Had stood like ghost that haunts the pyre; 820
Hovering round with ruined heart,
That clay from which he's doom'd to part —
Advanced, and thus address'd the sires,
Who watch'd the charnel's mouldering fires.

«Fathers we have not fought in vain, 825
«Though we're like birds with shattered wing,
«Yet will we hope to live again;
„As flowers renew their bloom with spring.
«Say, brothers of my soul, shall we
«Crouch, humbly crouch, with bended knee, 830
«And court the Moslem's tyranny?
«Fall like the vulture's victims 'neath,
«Stern Ali's feet for life or death?
«Great God forbid! — and ye who now

«Have seen what anguish marked my brow, 835
«To wildest desperation driven,
«When nature's pangs my heart had riven;
«In that impressive, awful hour,
«Which like the burst of thunder shower,
«Broke o'er my soul with agony, 840
«Known but to those who never die —
«Say shall we, like the sparks, expire,
«Which dart from yon soul-harrowing fire,
«And fall the victims one by one, 845
«Of the accursed Prophet's son,
«Or fly the shrines our fathers made,
«Where never yet hath Moslem prey'd?

«Say shall we trace the wide sea's source,
«And range throughout the universe;
«Go where the sun on India's hills, 850
«His golden horn of glory fills;
«And trembles with reflected beams,
«On Nile's, or yellow Ganges' streams?
«There we may find some friendly shore,

«Where all our wrongs and woes may sleep —
 «Where we may brave the tempest's roar, 856
 «And laugh at storms which shake the deep.
 «For what can foes or fiends do more,
 «Now all our dreams of bliss are o'er?
 «Are we not like some hapless wreck, 860
 «Clinging to mast that falls from deck;
 «While every rushing, parting wave,
 «Threatens to whelm us in our grave?
 «Yet Heaven may mark some vengeful hour,
 «To rescue Parga from the power 865
 «Of Ali's hateful band, who now our rights devour.»

* * * * *

XVIII.

'Twas not a slighted, thankless task —
 Advice scorned even by those who ask —
 But every heart seems bolder grown,
 Nerved by his touching speech and tone. 870
 Agapius slowly forward moved,
 Gazing on those so warmly loved;

And those who watched his looks might know,
There struggled rage with heartfelt woe —
He thus mingled grief and ire, 875
Replied to Andreas' words of fire.

«Just Heaven! and shall such hearts as these,
«In which the fond affections flow,
«Be torn by power's destructive breeze,
«Like trembling leaves from palm-tree bough?
«Why sleep the Sulliot mountaineers?
«Why glitter not their deadly spears?
«Alas! they bend 'neath Ali's power,
«And deeply curse the direful hour,
«When his Tambourgi's larum rolled, ¹² 885
«Throughout their wild and warlike hold —
«From woody glen to mountain's brow,
«The brave, the free, may tremble now;
«The Pasha's near approach is told,
«To grasp us in his scorpion fold; 890
«With hands too deeply stained before,
«In many a victim's curdling gore.

«And say, will not such crimes as these,
 «Make even the bravest heart's-blood freeze?
 «Where'er his deadly footsteps tread, 895
 «The vulture and the vampire spread
 «Their blood-stained pinions o'er his head —
 «His acts proclaim his race the same,
 «As Eblis rules in worlds of flame,
 «And never yet hath pity stole, 900
 «Like passing dew-drop o'er his soul.»

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XIX.

See where the Glykyslimen laves,
 In rippling whirls her deep blue waves;
 What crowds of Parga's exiles wait,
 With madden'd minds their mournful fate; 905
 And though their star of bliss be set,
 Freedom's the charm they cherish yet —

There rides the ship — her sails unfurl'd,
To waft them to some other world.
The signal's given — one look — no more — 910
One long last look at that dear shore! —
The gaze — the maddening gaze is o'er! —
Marcarius stops the pressing throng,
Who speed with hasty steps along,
Like those who, tossed on stormy seas, 915
Careless of life reck not the breeze; —
To ask of Andreas Haidée's hand,
Ere they should quit their native land;
But Andreas' brow indignant burn'd,
And thus he to the youth returned — 920
«God of my Fathers! hear my vow,
«As at thy feet I prostrate bow,
«While Parga mourns in anguish wild,
«As mothers weep for dying child —
«While we, who wrenched from bliss and home,
«Heart riven men, in exile roam; 926
«Invoke bright Hope's inspiring sign,
«Of freedom lov'd, of birth divine;

«As wandering mariners at night,
«Look for the Pharos' gleaming light — 930
«Be vengeance on my ag'd head cast,
«To blight me as the Siroc blast,
«Destroy those flowers in desarts shed,
«That woo the wind which strikes them dead —
«Let the warm blood which fills my heart, 935
«Part drop by drop — in anguish part;
«If e'er Haidée, my love and pride
«Kneels — blushing kneels Marcarius' bride;
«Till Parga — Parga shouts 'we're free',
«And Heaven re-echoes victory." 940

XX.

Marcarius' brow what passions move,
Though stern, tis not too stern for love;
And from his eyes such glances beam,
As if his soul felt Prophet's dream —

«That God who fires this aching heart, 945
«Writhing with pain from misery's dart,

«Will lead us on our weary way,
 «As he hath saved from Moslem's prey.
 «O God of mercy! in thy name
 «I will avenge my country's shame. 950
 «We are not yet so spiritless
 «To doubt our souls' our swords' success —
 «Ask ye your hearts, if trembling there,
 «Hope doth not strive with fell despair?
 «O'er me she beams with brightning glance, 955
 «As angels smile o'er mortal trance —
 «Haidée" — and brave Marcarius spake,
 Like Lion voice from distant brake,
 And stronger grows his arm the while,
 And brighter seems his languid smile — 960
 «Thou art the sun which warms my heart;
 «Weep not, though for a time we part.
 «This arm, if nerved by Heaven, shall gain
 «My country's freedom free from stain
 «I swear by joys I hope to prove, 965
 «To save my land and win my love.»

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Why bursts that scream, like night-bird's shriek,
To tear the heart which cannot break?

XXI.

Aged Andreas falls — Say, hath he quaffed
From desperate hand the poison draught, 970
That he thus faintly draws his breath,
Like him who struggling copes with death?
And see what keen emotions now
Gather upon that dewy brow —
They lift his struggling form, and rest 975
His head on weeping Haidée's breast,
Who looked — comparing age with youth,
Like fond Affection watching Truth:
As though she would herself unite
To that pale form which death-pangs blight. 980

XXII.

But list — he speaks — his lab'ring breast
Seems by some Godlike power possess'd;
Some cheering hope — some raptured feeling,

Like star through midnight darkness stealing;
 Or those bright flames which sparkling creep 985
 On stormy nights o'er Herkend's deep. ¹³
 He speaks nor do his words recal
 The bitter lesson — «weep for all» —
 But prescient paint in future story,
 Perspective bright of Parga's glory. 990

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«What do I view amidst this gloom?
 «A nation rising from the tomb!
 «While rays of deep'ning glory dart
 «From earth to sea, from eye to heart!
 «This cannot be a wildered dream, 995
 «To sweet the trance — too bright the beam.
 «See victory crowns our heroes' deeds!
 «And the unhallowod Moslem bleeds!
 «And see, who comes with footstep light?
 «'Tis Haidée with her bridal train — 1000
 «'Tis he — Marcarius — crowned in fight
 «With honor's rays from glory's plain!
 «While thousands kneel to bless the charm

«That nerved the valiant warrior's arm —

«I view again the joyous lights, 1005

«In vallies low, and mountain heights;

«As o'er the distant sea they throw

«The ray that parts the clouds of woe.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

«I read the time, I mark the hour —

«Britain resumes her wonted power. 1010

«She casts those fiends to deepest hell,

«Through whom, unpitied, Parga fell;

«And not a single flow'ret sheds

«Its perfume o'er their blighted heads.

«They must, if spurned from earth and tomb,

«Like Siltim¹⁴ haunt the forest's gloom. 1016

«Deal death what time the storm beats high,

«But shun the shining morning's sky.

«I hear the ,Io Peans' rise

«From echoing hills to answering skies 1020

«Like thousand thunders as they roll,

«Swelling the peal from pole to pole.

«I see a patriot band advance,
«Firm is each heart and fixed each lance.
«With laurel leaves each brow is bound, 1025
«The crescent's crush'd — the cross is crown'd,
«And Parga reigns again — redeem'd — re-
veng'd — renown'd!»

He falls — and lo! his heart hath beat
Its last faint throb at Haidée's feet.

Forbear to weep — the tears ye shed 1030
Are sought not, felt not, by the dead.
There is a hope that lingers yet,
A ray which shines when sun has set,
A power that still may blunt the dart,
Expel the venom from the heart — 1035
A star with lovely light illumine,
And be to ye whose souls are gloom,
Hesperus shining o'er the tomb. 1038

NOTES.

NOTES

N O T E S.

Note 1. page 11. line 5.

Unhappy clime! I weep to trace thy fall.

PARGA, *) situated on a rock projecting into the sea nearly opposite to the Island of Paxo, the smallest of the seven Ionian Islands, is one of the continental dependencies of the Ionian United States. Like the towns of Preveza and Bucintro

*) „The first mention I find of that place,” says Mr. Hobhouse, „is in the transactions of Sultan Solyman the Magnificent. A village near it produced the famous Basha Abraham, who conquered Arabia, Assyria, and Mesopatamia; and by the help of Barbarossa, reduced Tunis and Algiers.

on the coast of Epirus, and the port of Vonizza in Arcanania, it has been for centuries under the protection of the Venetian republic, and attached to her Ionian possessions. Though the territories of these continental dependencies are small, yet from their fertility they became of vital importance to the Ionian Government: they supplied provisions to the islands, which were not at all times able to support their own population — protected the valuable fisheries on the coast — were convenient entrepots of commerce — and while on the one hand they afforded an easy communication with European Turkey, on the other they were efficacious in preventing it from accumulating such a maritime force as might eventually have become dangerous to the state to which they belonged.

The Venetians were so fully aware of these advantages during their sovereignty, that they restricted the Ottoman Porte, by treaty, from erecting any fortress within a mile of its own shore on the Ionian Sea. When Venice ceased to become a nation, the Ionian Islands, with their continental dependencies, were transferred to the dominion of the French Republic, and by the treaty of Campo Formio the transfer was confirmed.

In consequence of the war with the Porte in 1798, the French troops were expelled by the

united forces of Turkey and Russia. It was during this contest that the Vizier Ali, Pasha of Albania, obtained permission from the Porte to attack these possessions by land — it was obtained; and, advancing to Preveza, he defeated the French garrison, pillaged the town, and massacred the inhabitants *). Vonizza and Bucintro experienced a similarly unhappy fate; and the Parguinotes, warned by these examples of the inhumanity of Ali, and being determined to bury themselves under the ruins of their devoted city rather than to submit themselves to his yoke, averted the impending calamity by calling to their aid a Russian garrison.

These conquests were not long retained by Ali. On the 21st of March 1800, a treaty was signed at Constantinople between Russia and Turkey, by which the independence of the Grecian islands was recognised and guaranteed under the name of the Septinsular Republic, and its continental dependencies transferred to the dominion of the Sultan on the following conditions: — «That the inhabitants were to be unmolested in all usages relating to their civil and criminal courts: that they should be unrestricted in their rights of property and inheritance, as well as in

*.) See Note 15.

their intercourse with the Ionian Islands; and that no mosques should be erected, nor any Mahometans be allowed to domiciliate in their country, except a Commissioner of appropriate rank to collect the tribute, which under proper regulations it was competent for the Porte to exact." Even to these terms, comparatively mild, the Parguinotes refused to submit, and singly resisted the reiterated efforts of the Pasha to subdue them.

In the war which ensued between Russia and Turkey, Ali again seized upon Preveza *), Bucintro, and Vonizza, under the pretence of securing them from the Russians; and that they

*) Preveza is in the ancient territory of Cassopoea, once a decent town, but now reduced by the Pasha of Ioannina to a miserable village; it is about eight miles from Santa Maura. The port is small but good, and capable of admitting ships of war. Only a few years ago Preveza contained near 8000 inhabitants, who were wealthy and commercial; it now contains not as many hundreds. After a battle which the Pasha gained over the French in the Plain of Nicopolis, by means of a great numerical superiority, his Albanians marched to Preveza, committing their usual depredations on the inhabitants, who had received the French with open arms before the

might never more become an object of dispute, he, in flagrant violation of the treaty of 1800, massacred or banished all the original inhabitants, gave their houses and lands to his Albanian followers, built forts, overthrew the churches, and planted the crescent on the ruins of the cross. At this period the Parguinotes were once more rescued from the vengeance and rapacity of Ali by a Russian force.

By virtue of the treaty of Tilsit in 1807, the Ionian republic was again ceded to the domi-

late battle. About 300 of the first people had embarked, and had just quitted the port in search of some more friendly country, when the Pasha so thoroughly imposed on the penetration of the Bishop of Artra, that he persuaded him to go on board the ship which was quitting the place, and to offer the fugitives forgiveness, friendship, and protection; with a permission to return and keep quiet possession of their lands and property. Confiding with too much facility on the inviolability of so sacred an engagement, they returned into port, and landed. The Pasha, with a savage barbarity found only among Turks, had them immediately put to death, and confiscated their whole property to his own use! — *Vide DODWELL'S Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece.*

nion of France; but of the Continental dependencies, Parga alone was included in the transfer, all the others being in the possession of the Turks, who having built mosques within these walls, considered them as an integral part of the Turkish empire. Parga was now claimed by Ali Pasha, on the part of the Sublime Porte, in virtue of the treaty of 1800; but even Cæsar Berthier, who was not remarkable for the humanity of his disposition, was so moved by the entreaties of the citizens of Parga, that although he was directed by Napoleon to cultivate as much as possible the good will of Ali, he refused to make the required cession; and his successor to the government, General Donzelot, resolutely adhered to the same determination.

In 1810, five of the seven Ionian Islands, forming the Septinsular Republic, surrendered to the British forces under the command of General Oswald; but Corfu, Paxo, and the continental dependency of Parga, remained under the protection of France nearly until the termination of the war. In the commencement of 1814, the small island of Paxo surrendered to the British. It was then that the wily ruler of Albania, perceiving the power of the French Emperor to be on the decline, made use of every effort and artifice to obtain the surrender of Parga. His overtures being rejected with

indignation by General Donzelot, he had recourse as usual to open violence, and invaded the territory of Parga. In this attack of the Pasha, the Bey, who commanded the Turkish forces, a nephew of Ali, was killed in the action. The French, who had retired into the fortress, took no share in the contest, not being authorised to act in hostility against a power with which their country was at peace. However, Ali was repelled, though not routed; and his army, consisting of 20,000 men, retired before the bravery of the Parguinotes.

The Parguinotes perceiving that their own resources were not adequate to withstand the repeated efforts of a powerful and inveterate enemy, sent a deputation to Paxo, soliciting the protection of the British flag, under the express stipulation on their part, that Parga should still remain a political appendage to the Ionian Isles. This stipulation being virtually acceded to, the Parguinotes took possession of the citadel, seized the French garrison, which was delivered to us as prisoners of war, and hoisted the flag of Great Britain. Their part of the compact being thus fulfilled, a British force took possession of Parga. Thus the designs of Ali Pasha were for a time defeated; but it is not in the character of that tyrant to relinquish any project of aggrandizement, or any scheme of vengeance. The moun-

taineers of Suli were not sacrificed until seventeen years after he had doomed them to destruction, and the ruin of Gardiki was accomplished after forty years of premeditated vengeance; Parga has long been the object of a more rooted hatred.

As soon as the English were in the possession of Parga, he tried his usual arts to induce them to surrender it, but the generous inflexibility of General Campbell at that time saved the Parguinotes, and their attachment to the English was strengthened by gratitude for past protection, and the hope of future security. Since the ratification of the treaty of Paris, in 1815, which placed those States under the protection of England, their condition and prospects have been materially altered. The Pasha, conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity for realizing his revengeful intentions, exerted all his influence with the Divan, to demand Parga from the British Government, as the price of the acquiescence of the Porte to that treaty, founding their pretensions on the treaty of 1810, which was perhaps too hastily entered into for that purpose at Constantinople, and a preliminary Convention, under the auspices of his Majesty's Lord High Commissioner, fixing the conditions of the surrender of Parga to the Porte, was signed at Ioannina. The Parguinotes were firm in their determination to abandon their native land, even with the loss of

their property, rather than submit to Ali Pasha, and expose themselves to his sanguinary vengeance, though there is not a cultivable or habitable spot unoccupied in any of the islands or their dependencies, and no place of refuge has been offered to them by their protectors — probably they thought that they had done their duty by offering to pay the expenses of their voyage to the Ionian isles!

The inhabitants were to have a certain time allowed them, unawed by the troops of Ali, to expatriate themselves, but the impatience of the merciless Turks to expel the Parguinotes was so great, that they would not suffer their unhappy victims to remain in peace the last few hours allowed them in the land of their fathers; and though it had been stipulated that they were not to enter Parga until the inhabitants had completed their embarkation, by the orders of Sir Thomas Maitland, the officer commanding the English garrison at Parga, made known to the wretched natives that, in conformity to arrangements with Ali Pasha, a Turkish force was to enter their territory without delay, but that the English troops would *remain for their protection* until they were able to complete the emigration. On receiving this information — this insult added to injury — which was con-

firmed by the approach of the Ottoman forces, the Parguinotes, after holding a consultation, sent to inform the commandant that as such was the determination of the British Government, (*their protectors*,) they had unanimously resolved, that should one single Turk enter their territory before all of them should have had a fair opportunity of leaving it, they would put to death their wives and children to prevent them from falling into the hands of Ali, and afterwards defend themselves against any force, Christian or Turkish, that should violate the pledge made to them, and fight till but one should remain to relate their history.

Th English commandant perceiving by their preparations that this resolution was irrevocable, instantly despatched information to Sir Robert Maitland at Corfu, who immediately sent General Sir Frederick Adam to *expostulate* with them. On the arrival of General Adam at Parga, the first thing which caught his attention was a large fire in the public square, where the Parguinotes were consuming the bones of their ancestors, which they had collected from the churches and cemeteries. All the male population stood armed at the doors of their respective dwellings: the women and children were within awaiting their fate with pious resignation; — a deep and awful silence prevail-

led — it seemed as if Parga had already become one of the „Cities of the Silent.” A few of the clergy with the Protopapa at their head, met General Adam on his landing, and assured him that the meditated sacrifice would be immediately executed unless he could devise some means to prevent the entrance of the Turks, who were already arrived near the frontier, and effectually protect the embarkation and departure of the Parguinotes. General Adam did find means to prevail on the Ottoman commandant to halt with his forces, and the Glasgow frigate, Captain Maitland, which had been sent from Corfu on the emergency having arrived, the embarkation commenced, and the unhappy Parguinotes proceeded under this protection to Corfu. The Moslems, on their entrance, found Parga a desert — without a single inhabitant on whom they could exercise their cruelty.

Note 2, page 14, line 7.

Sold in the market — like vile cattle sold.

The remuneration obtained by the persecuted natives of Parga, for the loss of their rights and country, was about 48*l.* each person.

Note 3, page 14, line 15.

*Oh Caracalla! though thine heart was steel,
We've men like thee, who long have ceased to feel.*

«It is recorded as an instance of the ferocity of Caracalla, that he sent those gladiators who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle at Nicomedia, to ask the people: — in other words handed them over to be slain.»

Note 4, page 15, line 6.

*Her hostile cannon batters neutral walls,
And loud «hoc habets» tell a nation falls.*

Alluding to the memorable attack and massacre at Copenhagen.

Note 5, page 19, line 15.

*Hell lent her fires, and thou hast seized the
brand,
To burn the humble tenants of thy land.*

The reader may probably have seen the following passage in *Franklin's Correspondence*: —
«A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business for the first

time, had an old courier spirit assigned him as a guide; they arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction, the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another; he turned angrily to his guide and said, you blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell! — No, Sir, says the guide, I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner: they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity."

Had this celestial ambassador passed over Parga, Copenhagen, or even some parts of Britain in any of his missions, what must he have thought of our humanity!

Note 6, page 20, line 9.

*Spread the full board, and bid thy vassals come,
Like gladiators in the ancient Rome,
To tear the hearts from out each others breasts,
To please thy fancy and delight thy guests.*

Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and exciting the loud applause of the guests."

Note 7, page 23, line 8.

*Who did not curse the despots of Algiers,
Whose victims pined in slavery and tears?*

It is almost impossible to connect in one's mind, the directors of the Copenhagen and Walcheren expeditions with those philanthropic statesmen who planned that which was directed against Algiers. But nature has, in some instances, combined very extraordinary qualities in the same character — and they may, like the black standards of the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, be allegorically called the Night and

the Shadow. — Perhaps the following passage from Shakespeare might be applied with at least some poetical justice —

«The wicked, when compared with the more wicked,

«Look beautiful; and not to be the worst,

«Stands in some rank of praise.»

Note 8, page 24, line 15.

*While round her varied beauties break,
Like rainbows o'er Velinus' lake.*

See Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. ii. cap. lxii.

Note 9, page 25, 16.

*Oh! 'twas a deed more cruel far,
Than pirate chiefs of Ithaca.
Inflict on those unhappy men,
Who linger in their loathsome den.*

Ithaca is the head quarters of these Grecian free-booters, whose depredations, according to Mr. Dodwell, are so daring, that they neither shun observation nor appear to be ashamed of their profession. A French merchant who re-

sided at Patra many years ago, was taken by a party of these «brave fellows,” who demanded so large a sum for his release, that his friends were unable to raise it. They first cut off the unfortunate man's nose, and sent it to his friends — next an ear: afterwards the other ear. They then began to send his teeth, and as the money was not sent, intended to have put him to death, when he was so fortunate as to make his escape.

Note 10, page 26, line 16.

While cursing Bia's warlike art.

Gardiki, after sustaining a tedious siege from Ali Pasha, was stormed by Athanasius Bia, one of his officers. The conquered Gardikiotes, to the number of 730, were brought into the area of a large Khan, tied together with cords to prevent the last exertions of misery and despair, and despatched with musquet and sabre by the Albanians, at a signal given by Ali, who is said to have fired a fusil himself as he sat in his carriage at the gate of the Khan.

Note 11, page 27, line 16.

*But now the vengeful Moslem's call,
"Alhandillah!" for Parga's fall.*

"Alhandillah!" — God be praised.

Note 12, page 27, line 18.

*Does not the unholy crescent beam,
On Maitland's breast with sparkling gleam?*

General Maitland has, I believe, been invested by the Grand Seignior, with the Turkish Order of the Crescent, as a reward for his meritorious services at Parga!

Note 13, page 29, line 7.

*Except some tablet marks our fall,
Like that upon Gardiki's wall.*

To record this memorable act of despotic cruelty and insatiable vengeance, Ali Pasha has caused an inscription to be placed over the gate of the Khan in which the Gardikiotes were murdered: and, as if to perpetuate his vices, this horrible transaction is related in a poetical history of his life, to the publication of which he has given his sanction.

Note 14, page 29, line 12.

Her port of waters sweet no more.

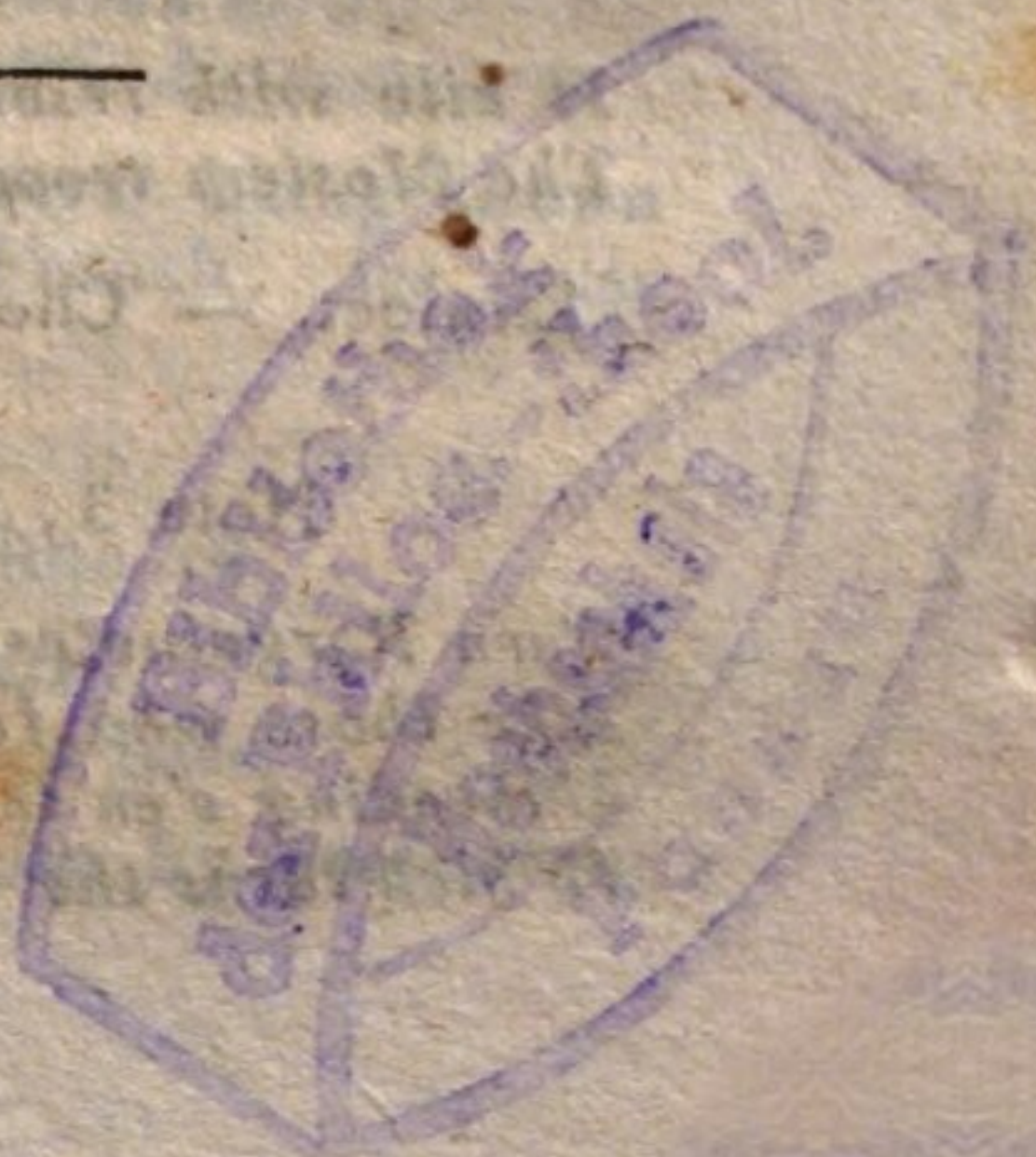
“On a peninsula jutting out from the district of Margiriti, is the town of Parga, which is fortified and has two ports. It stands on the south corner of the Glykyslimen, or Port of Sweet Waters, in groves of Orange, Lemon, and Olive trees.” — HOBHOUSE'S *Travels*.

Note 15, page 32, line 8.

*A rebel chief whose vices rise,
Like hill whose summit gains the skies.*

Ali Pasha is a rebel tolerated by the Ottoman Porte, because they have not the power to subdue him, though even a Turkish minister of State may shudder at deeds more atrocious than his own — and blush for the man who the day after the battle of Preveza, caused 200 of the Greek inhabitants to be beheaded in his presence. Ali indulges to the full in all the sensual pleasures that are licenced by the custom of his country, but even in affairs of the heart the sanguinary disposition of his soul is apparent. Zofreni, a Greek lady of Ioannina, of exquisite beauty, had the misfortune to be

beloved, (if the passion which filled the breast of Ali deserves the name,) at the same time by him and by one of his sons. Zofreni contrived to conceal this double attachment from both her lovers, till Ali recognised upon her finger a ring which he had given to his son's wife. The impetuosity and vengeance of Ali's disposition burst forth — he quitted her abruptly, and the same night, by the command of the Vizier, Zofreni was drowned, and thus fell a victim at the age of seventeen, to the jealousy of that tyrant whose Haram is said to contain at this time upwards of three hundred women.




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## NOTES TO CANTO II.

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Note 1, page 39, line 15.

*Muezzins chant their «Alla Hu!»*

«Alla Hu!» the conclusion of the Muezzin's call to evening prayer.

Note 2, page 39, line 16.

*While with resounding ziralect,  
The Moslem troops their prophet greet.*

Ziralect. — Chorus.

Note 3, page 43, line 18.

*Turn Parguinotes with vengeance keen,  
Like those who fought at Thrasimene,  
Unheeding e'en the earthquake's shock,  
Which turns the waves and splits the rock,*



«Tantusque fuit ardor animorum, adeo intentus pugnae animus, ut eum terrae motum qui multarum urbium Italiae magnas partes prostravit, avertitque cursu rapido amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit.»

TIT. LIV. lib. xxii. cap. 12.

Note 4, page 45, line 3.

*Blushing like hue of Indian flower,  
When falls eve's gentle dewy shower.*

The Cámalatá.

Note 5, page 48, line 13.

*Condemned, like the Thracian bird,  
To wing through dreary life distress —*

These birds, from their never being known to rest, are called by the French, 'les ames damnées.' *Vide Dalloway.*

Note 6, page 48, line 18.

*The vile imperial hypocrite,  
Great Aurungzebe of olden time.*

Aurungzebe was a hypocrite by profession,



and held the cloak of religion in such a manner as to cover a «multitude of sins.» He impiously returned thanks to the divinity for a success which he had obtained by his own wickedness. He was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his protection during the civil wars, and at the same time persecuting his brothers and their families. At the consecration of this temple he acted as high priest, and afterwards attended there to pay his devotions in the costume of a Fakeer, to intimate the humility of his heart. Like some modern personages of less note, while he lifted one hand to God in prayer, with the other he signed death-warrants, and thought himself a good man, and a munificent protector of religion. For an account of Aurungzebe, *vide History of Hindostan.*

Note 7, page 49, line 2.

*Who like the Indian viper lay,  
In balsam leaves to sting his prey.*

The reader will find this circumstance mentioned by Pliny, as also in the Travels of Mr. Bruce.



Note 8, page 51, line 3.

*Yet charm succeeding charm we see,  
Like blossoms on the Alma tree.*

The Alma tree is in perpetual bloom, and the eye always meets either fruit, or blossoms of a purple colour; for as one blossom falls from the tree, another comes forth in its stead. *Vide* NIEUHOEF.

Note 9, page 51, line 19.

*My heart is lone and desolate,  
Scorched by the Kerzrah blast of fate.*

Thevenot asserts, it is believed by the Persians, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which passes over the flower called the Kerzerah, in the months of June or July, it will kill him.

Note 10, page 52, line 12.

*Float like the ship through Gate of Teacs.*

The passage into the Red Sea, called Babel-mandel. According to Richardson, it received this name from the old Arabians, on account



of the danger of the navigation, and the numerous shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for those who had the temerity to hazard their lives in passing through it into the Ethiopic ocean.

Note 11, page 56, line 5.

*Behold thy fluttering Bagdat dove.*

The Bagdat or Babylonian pigeon, is frequently, in the East, made use of as a courier to convey intelligence. The letter is affixed to its wings, and it never fails to fly to the place from whence it was taken.

Note 12, page 61, line 13.

*When his Tambourgi's larum rolled.*

Tambourgi — Drummer.

Note 13, page 67, line 3.

*Or those bright flames which sparkling creep,  
On stormy nights o'er Herkend's deep.*

The sea of Herkend is said, when the wea-



ther is tempestuous, to sparkle like fire. *Vide*  
Travels of two Mahommedans.

Note 14, page 68, line 14.

*Like Siltim haunt the forest's gloom.*

The Siltim is a dæmon supposed to haunt  
woods, etc. in a human shape. — RICHARDSON.

FINIS.

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There is something to be said for the  
theory of two hypotheses.

The first hypothesis is that the  
Note is a page from the  
Book of the Dead.

The second is a theory proposed to  
show that the paper is a fragment of a  
manuscript.

The third hypothesis is that the  
Note is a page from the  
Book of the Dead.

The fourth hypothesis is that the  
Note is a page from the  
Book of the Dead.

The fifth hypothesis is that the  
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The tenth hypothesis is that the  
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Book of the Dead.

The eleventh hypothesis is that the  
Note is a page from the  
Book of the Dead.

The twelfth hypothesis is that the  
Note is a page from the  
Book of the Dead.



# B E P P O,

## A VENETIAN STORY.

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ROSALIND. *Farewell, Monsieur Traveller:  
Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable  
all the benefits of your own country; be out of  
love with your Nativity, and almost chide God  
for making you that countenance you are; or I  
will scarce think that you have swam in a GON-  
DOLA.*

*As YOU LIKE IT, Act IV. Sc. I.*

Annotation of the Commentators.

*That is, been at Venice, which was much  
visited by the young English gentlemen of those  
times, and was then what Paris is now — the  
seat of all dissoluteness. S. A.*









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## B E P P O.

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### I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout

All countries of the Catholic persuasion,  
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,

The people take their fill of recreation,  
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,

However high their rank, or low their station,  
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking,  
masquing,

And other things which may be had for asking.



## II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers  
The skies (and the more duskily the better),  
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers  
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;  
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,  
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;  
And there are songs and quavers, roaring,  
humming,  
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

## III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,  
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and  
Jews,  
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,  
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;  
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical.



All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,  
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,  
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge  
ye.

## IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,  
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on  
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,  
Although you swore it only was in fun;  
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the  
fires  
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,  
Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble  
That boiled your bones, unless you paid them  
double.

## V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er  
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,



Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,  
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke;  
And even in Italy such places are

With prettier names in softer accents spoke,  
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on  
No place that's called «Piazza» in Great Britain.

## VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being  
Interpreted, implies «farewell to flesh : »  
So call'd, because the name and thing agree-  
ing,

Through Lent they live on fish both salt and  
fresh.

But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,  
Is more than I can tell, although I guess  
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,  
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.



## VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,  
And solid meats, and highly spic'd ragouts,  
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,  
Because they have no sauces to their stews,  
A thing which causes many «poohs» and «pishes»,  
And several oaths (which would not suit the  
Muse),  
From travellers accustom'd from a boy  
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

## VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend  
«The curious in fish-sauce,» before they cross  
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,  
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in  
gross  
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send  
By any means least liable to loss),



Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,  
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve  
ye;

## IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,  
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,  
According to the proverb, — although no man,  
If foreign, is oblig'd to fast; and you,  
If protestant, or sickly, or a woman,  
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout —  
Dine, and be d — d! I don't mean to be  
coarse,

But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

## X.

Of all the places where the Carnival

Was most facetious in the days of yore,  
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,



And masque, and mime, and mystery, and  
more  
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,  
Venice the bell from every city bore,  
And at the moment when I fix my story,  
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

## XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,  
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expres-  
sions still,  
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,  
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;  
And like so many Venuses of Titian's  
(The best's at Florence — see it, if ye will,)  
They look when leaning over the balcony,  
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

## XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best;  
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,



That picture (howsoever fine the rest)  
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;  
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,  
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so,  
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,  
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!

## XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,  
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,  
But something better still, so very real,  
That the sweet model must have been the same;  
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,  
Wer't not impossible, besides a shame:  
The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,  
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again;

## XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we  
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;



And, oh! the loveliness at times we see  
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,  
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,  
In many a nameless being we retrace,  
Whose course and home we knew not, nor  
shall know,  
Like the lost Pleiad \*) seen no more below.

## XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione  
Venetian women were, and so they *are*,  
Particularly seen from a balcony,  
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar)  
And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,  
They peep from out the blind, or o'er the  
bar;  
And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,  
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

---

\*) „Quae septem dici sex tamen esse solent.“ OVID.



## XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,  
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a  
letter,  
Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,  
Who do such things because they know no  
better;  
And then, God knows, what mischief may  
arise,  
When love links two young people in one  
fetter,  
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,  
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and  
heads.

## XVII.

Shakespeare described the sex in Desdemona  
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,  
And to this day from Venice to Verona  
Such matters may be probably the same,



Except that since those times was never known a  
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame  
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,  
Because she had a «cavalier servente.»

## XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)

Is of a fair complexion altogether,  
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's

Which smothers women in a bed of feather,  
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,

When weary of the matrimonial tether  
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,  
But takes at once another, or another's.

## XIX.

Did'st ever see a gondola? For fear

You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:

'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,



Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,

Rowed by two rowers, each called «Gondolier,»

It glides along the water looking blackly,

Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,

Where none can make out what you say or do.

## XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,

And under the Rialto shoot along,

By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,

And round the theatres, a sable throng,

They wait in their dusk livery of woe,

But not to them do woeful things belong,

For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,

Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

## XXI.

But to my story. — 'Twas some years ago,

It may be thirty, forty, more or less,



The carnival was at its height, and so  
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;  
A certain lady went to see the show,  
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,  
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,  
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

## XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years  
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"  
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,  
Because I never heard, nor could engage  
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,  
To name, define by speech, or write on page,  
The period meant precisely by that word, —  
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

## XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best  
Of time, and time returned the compliment,



And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,  
She looked extremely well where'er she went:  
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,  
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,  
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to  
flatter  
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at  
her.

## XXIV.

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,  
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule  
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;  
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool,  
(Unless within the period intervenient,  
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal  
cool)

I don't know how they ever can get over it,  
Except they manage never to discover it.



## XXV.

Her husband sailed upon the Adriatic,  
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,  
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique,  
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease,)  
His wife would mount, at times, her highest  
attic,  
For thence she could discern the ship with  
ease:

He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,  
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo \*).

## XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,  
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;  
Though coloured, as it were, within a tanyard,  
He was a person both of sense and vigour —  
A better seaman never yet did man yard:

---

\* Beppo is the *Joe* of the Italian *Joseph*.



And *she*, although her manners shewed no  
rigour,  
Was deemed a woman of the strictest principle,  
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

## XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;  
Some people thought the ship was lost, and  
some  
That he had somehow blundered into debt,  
And did not like the thoughts of steering  
home;  
And there were several offered any bet,  
Or that he would, or that he would not come,  
For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

## XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,  
As partings often are, or ought to be,



And their presentiment was quite prophetic  
That they should never more each other see,  
(A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,  
Which I have known occur in two or three)  
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad  
knee,  
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

## XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,  
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she  
might;  
She almost lost all appetite for victual,  
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;  
She deemed the window-frames and shutters  
brittle,  
Against a daring house-breaker or sprite,  
And so she thought it prudent to connect her  
With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*



## XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not  
choose,

If only you will but oppose their choice?)  
Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,  
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,  
A man some women like, and yet abuse —  
A coxcomb was he by the public voice;  
A count of wealth, they said, as well as qua-  
lity,  
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

## XXXI.

And then he was a count, and then he knew  
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and  
Tuscan;  
The last not easy, be it known to you,  
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.  
He was a critic upon operas, too,  
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;



And no Venetian audience could endure a  
Song, scene, or air, when he cried «seccatura.»

## XXXII.

His «bravo» was decisive, for that sound  
Hushed «academie,» sighed in silent awe;  
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,  
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.  
The «prima donna's» tuneful heart would bound,  
Dreading the deep damnation of his «bah!»  
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,  
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

## XXXIII.

He patroniz'd the Improvisatori,  
Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,  
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a  
story,  
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as  
Italians can be, though in this their glory



Must surely yield the palm to that which  
France has;  
In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,  
And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

## XXXIV.

Then he was faithful, too, as well as amorous;  
So that no sort of female could complain,  
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,

He never put the pretty souls in pain;  
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.  
He was a lover of the good old school,  
Who still become more constant as they cool.

## XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn  
A female head, however sage and steady —



With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,  
In law he was almost as good as dead, he  
Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least  
concern,

And she had waited several years already;  
And really if a man won't let us know  
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

## XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman  
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)  
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;  
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,  
But «Cavalier Serventes» are quite common,  
And no one notices, nor cares a pin;  
And we may call this (not to say the worst)  
A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

## XXXVII.

The word was formerly a «Cicisbeo,»  
But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;



The Spaniards call the person a „*Cortejo*“\*),  
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though  
 recent;

In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,  
 And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.  
 But Heaven preserve Old England from such  
 courses!

Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

### XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference  
 To the fair *single* part of the Creation,  
 That married ladies should preserve the prefer-  
 ence

In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation —

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\*) „*Cortejo*“ is pronounced „*Corteho*,“ with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.



And this I say without peculiar reference  
To England, France, or any other nation —  
Because they know the world, and are at ease,  
And being natural, naturally please.

## XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,  
But shy and awkward at first coming out,  
So much alarmed, that she is quite alarming,  
All Giggle, Blush; — half Pertness, and half  
Pout;

And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm  
in

What you, she, it, or they, may be about,  
The Nursery still lisps out in all they utter —  
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

## XL.

But „Cavalier Servente” is the phrase  
Used in politest circles to express



This supernumerary slave, who stays  
Close to the lady as a part of dress,  
Her word the only law which he obeys.  
His is no sinecure, as you may guess;  
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,  
And carries fan', and tippes, gloves, and shawl.

## XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,  
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,  
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,  
And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to  
tree  
Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,  
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,  
When the first act is ended by a dance  
In vineyards copied from the south of France.



## XLII.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,  
Without being forc'd to bid my groom be  
sure

My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,  
Because the skies are not the most secure;  
I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,  
Where the green alleys windingly allure,  
Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the  
way, —

In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

## XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,  
To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,  
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as  
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,  
But with all Heaven t' himself; that day will  
break as  
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forc'd to borrow



That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron sim-  
mers.

## XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,  
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,  
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,  
With syllables which breathe of the sweet  
South,  
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,  
That not a single accent seems uncouth,  
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting  
guttural,  
Which we're oblig'd to hiss, and spit, and  
sputter all.

## XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),  
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,



And large black eyes that flash on you a volley  
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,  
 To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,  
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,  
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
 Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

## XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!  
 Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire  
 Raphael \*), who died in thy embrace, and vies  
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,  
 In what he hath bequeath'd us? — in what  
                                                 guise,  
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,  
 Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,  
 While yet Canova can create below \*\*)?

---

\*) For the receiving accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his Lives.

\*\* *Note.*

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially  
 Of women, would be understood to say,







I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year.  
And so God save the Regent, Church, and  
King!  
Which means that I like all and every thing.

## XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,  
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's  
debt,  
Our little riots just to show we are free men,  
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,  
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,  
All these I can forgive, and those forget,  
And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.



## L.

But to my tale of Laura, — for I find  
Digression is a sin, that by degrees  
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,  
And, therefore, may the reader too displease —  
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,  
And caring little for the author's ease,  
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard  
And hapless situation for a bard.

## LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing  
What should be easy reading! could I scale  
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing  
Those pretty poems never known to fail,  
How quickly would I print (the world delight-  
ing)

A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;  
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,  
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.



LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,  
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)  
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling  
verse on,

The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,  
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,  
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;  
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,  
But verse is more in fashion — so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrange-  
ment,

Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,  
For half a dozen years without estrangement;  
They had their little differences, too;  
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change  
meant:

In such affairs there probably are few



Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,  
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

## LIV.

But on the whole, they were a happy pair,  
As happy as unlawful love could make them;  
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,  
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while  
to break them:

The world beheld them with indulgent air;  
The pious only wish'd «the devil take them!»  
He took them not; he very often waits,  
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

## LV.

But they were young: Oh! what without our  
youth

Would love be! What would youth be with-  
out love!

Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,



Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;  
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth —  
One of few things experience don't improve,  
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows  
Are always so preposterously jealous.

## LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said  
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so  
Laura the usual preparations made,  
Which you do when your mind's made up  
to go  
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,  
Spectator, or partaker in the show;  
The only difference known between the cases  
Is — *here*, we have six weeks of «varnished  
faces.»

## LVII.

Laura, when drest, was (as I sang before)  
A pretty woman as was ever seen,



Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,  
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,  
With all the fashions which the last month  
wore,  
Coloured, and silver paper leav'd between  
That and the title-page, for fear the press  
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of  
dress.

## LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto; — 'tis a hall  
Where people dance, and sup, and dance  
again;  
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqu'd ball,  
But that's of no importance to my strain;  
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,  
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:  
The company is «mix'd» (the phrase I quote is,  
As much as saying, they're below your no-  
tice);



## LIX.

For a «mixt company» implies that, save  
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,  
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,  
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore  
Of public places, where they basely brave  
The fashionable stare of twenty score  
Of well-bred persons, called «*the World* ;»  
but I,  
Although I know them, really don't know why.

## LX.

This is the case in England ; at least was  
During the dynasty of Dandies, now  
Perchance succeeded by some other class  
Of imitated imitators : — how  
Irreparably soon decline, alas !  
The demagogues of fashion : all below  
Is frail ; how easily the world is lost  
By love, or war, and now and then by frost !



## LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,  
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,  
Stoop'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or  
A blundering novice in his new French gram-  
mar;  
Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,  
And as for Fortune — but I dare not d — n  
her,  
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,  
The more I should believe in her divinity.

## LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,  
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and mar-  
riage;  
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;  
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,  
We've not yet clos'd accounts, and we shall  
see yet



How much she'll make amends for past mis-  
carriage;

Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,  
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

## LXIII.

To turn, — and to return; — the devil take it!

This story slips for ever through my fingers,  
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,

It needs must be — and so it rather lingers;  
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,  
But must keep time and tune like public  
singers;

But if I once get through my present measure,  
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

## LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place

To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,  
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,



Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow  
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face  
May lurk beneath each mask, and as my  
sorrow  
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,  
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.)

## LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;  
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;  
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,  
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,  
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;  
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still  
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

## LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,  
A third — where did she buy that frightful  
turban?



A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,  
A fifth's look 's vulgar, dowdyish, and su-  
burban,  
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,  
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her  
bane,  
And lo! an eighth appears, — «I'll see no more!»  
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

## LXVII.

Mean time, while she was thus at others gazing,  
Others were levelling their looks at her;  
She heard the men's half-whispered mode of  
praising,  
And, till 'twas done, determined not to stir;  
The women only thought it quite amazing  
That at her time of life so many were  
Admirers still, — but men are so debased,  
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.



## LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand  
Why naughty women — but I won't discuss  
A thing which is a scandal to the land,  
I only don't see why it should be thus;  
And if I were but in a gown and band,  
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,  
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly  
Should quote in their next speeches from my  
homily.

## LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,  
Talking, she knew not why and cared not  
what,  
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,  
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;  
And well drest males still kept before her si-  
ling,  
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat;



More than the rest one person seemed to stare  
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

## LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;  
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,  
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,  
Although their usage of their wives is sad;  
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any  
Poor woman. whom they purchase like a pad:  
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,  
Four wives by law, and concubines «ad libitum.»

## LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them  
daily,  
They scarcely can behold their male relations,  
So that their moments do not pass so gaily  
As is supposed the case with northern nations;



Confinement, too, must make them look quite  
palely:

And as the Turks abhor long conversations,  
Their days are either past in doing nothing,  
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

## LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;  
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;  
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,  
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews, —  
In harems learning soon would make a pretty  
schism!

But luckily these beauties are no "blues,"  
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em  
"That charming passage in the last new poem."

## LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,  
Who having angled all his life for fame,



And getting but a nibble at a time,  
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same  
Small «Triton of the minnows,» the sublime  
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,  
The echo's echo, usher of the school  
Of female wits, boy bards — in short, a fool!

## LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,  
The approving «*Good!*» (by no means good  
in law)  
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,  
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,  
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,  
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,  
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,  
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

## LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows  
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,



So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,  
 One don't know what to say to them, or  
 think,  
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;  
 Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink  
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,  
 These unquenched snuffings of the midnight  
 taper.

## LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,  
 Men of the world, who know the world like  
 men,  
 S—tt, R—s, M—re, and all the better brothers,  
 Who think of something else besides the pen;  
 But for the children of the «mighty mother's»  
 The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,  
 I leave them to their daily «tea is ready»  
 Smug cotorie, and literary lady.



## LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention  
Have none of these instructive pleasant people,  
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,  
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;  
I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension  
(Though best sown projects very often reap ill)  
A missionary author, just to preach  
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

## LXXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,  
No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,  
No circulating library amasses  
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures  
Upon the living manners, as they pass us;  
No exhibition glares with annual pictures;  
They stare not on the stars from out their at-  
tics,  
Nor deal (thank God for that!) in mathematics.



## LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,  
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,  
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,  
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;  
I fear I have a little turn for satire,  
And yet methinks the older that one grows  
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though  
                    laughter  
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXV.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!

Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!  
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,  
Abominable Man no more allays  
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,  
I love you both, and both shall have my  
praise :



Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy! —  
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

## LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,  
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,  
Which seems to say, «Madam, I do you honour,  
«And while I please to stare, you'll please  
to stay;»

Could staring win a woman, this had won her,  
But Laura could not thus be led astray,  
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle:  
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

## LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,  
A turn of time at which I would advise  
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking  
In any other kind of exercise,  
To make their preparations for forsaking



The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,  
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,  
His blushes make them look a little pale.

## LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,  
And staid them over for some silly reason,  
And then I looked, (I hope it was no crime,)  
To see what lady best stood out the season;  
And though I've seen some thousands in their  
prime,  
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please  
on,  
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn,)  
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

## LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,  
Although I might, for she was nought to me  
More than that patent work of God's invention,



A charming woman, whom we like to see;  
But writing names would merit reprehension,  
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,  
At the next London or Parisian ball  
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

## LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all  
To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting  
Among three thousand people at a ball,  
To make her curtsey thought it right and  
fitting;  
The count was at her elbow with her shawl,  
And they the room were on the point of  
quitting,  
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got  
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

## LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the  
cause.







## LXXXVIII.

“Sir,” said the Count, with brow exceeding  
grave,

“Your unexpected presence here will make

“It necessary for myself to crave

“Its import? But perhaps ’tis a mistake;

“I hope it is so; and at once to wave

“All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;

“You understand my meaning, or you *shall*.”

“Sir,” (quoth the Turk) “’tis no mistake at all.

## LXXXIX.

“That lady is *my wife*!” Much wonder paints

The lady’s changing check, as well it might;

But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,

Italian females don’t do so outright;

They only call a little on their saints,

And then come to themselves, almost or quite;

Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprink-

ling faces,

And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.



## XC.

She said, — what could she say? Why not a word :

But the Count courteously invited in  
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard :  
«Such things perhaps, we'd best discuss within,»  
Said he, «don't let us make ourselves absurd  
«In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,  
«For then the chief and only satisfaction  
«Will be much quizzing on the whole trans-  
action.»

## XCI.

They entered, and for coffee called, — it came,  
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,  
Although the way they make it's not the same.  
Now Laura, much recovered, or less loth  
To speak, cries «Beppo! what's your pagan  
name?»



«Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!  
«And how came you to keep away so long?  
«Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?

## XCII.

«And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?

«With any other women did you wive?

«Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?

«Well, that's the prettiest shawl — as I'm  
alive!

«You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.

«And how so many years did you contrive

«To — Bless me! did I ever? No, I never

«Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your  
liver?

## XCIII.

«Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;

«It shall be shaved before you're a day older;

«Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot —



«Pray don't you think the weather here is  
colder?

«How do I look? You shan't stir from this  
spot

«In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder  
Should find you out, and make the story known.  
«How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's  
grown!»

#### XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands,  
Is more than I know. He was cast away  
About where Troy stood once, and nothing  
stands;

Became a slave of course, and for his pay  
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands  
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,  
He joined the rogues and prospered, and be-  
came  
A renegado of indifferent fame.



## XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so  
Keen the desire to see his home again,  
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,  
And not be always thieving on the main;  
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,  
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,  
Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polacca,  
Manned with twelve hands, and laden with to-  
bacco.

## XCVI.

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten)  
cash;

He then embarked, with risk of life and limb,  
And got clear off, although the attempt was  
rash;

*He* said that *Providence* protected him —  
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash  
In our opinions: — well, the ship was trim,



Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,  
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

## XCVII.

They reached the island, he transferred his  
lading,

And self and live-stock, to another bottom,  
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, tra-  
ding

With goods of various names, but I've for-  
got 'em

However, he got off by this evading,

Or else the people would perhaps have shot  
him;

And thus at Venice landed to reclaim  
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

## XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized  
him,



(He made the church a present by the way;)  
He then threw off the garments which disguised  
him,  
And borrowed the Count's small-clothes for a  
day:  
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,  
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,  
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh  
of them,  
For stories, — but *I* don't believe the half of  
them.

## XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age  
With wealth and talking made him some  
amends;  
Though Laura sometimes put him a rage,  
I've heard the Count and he were always  
friends.



My pen is at the bottom of a page,  
Which being finished, here the story ends;  
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,  
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

T H E E N D.



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*The correction of the press of Lord Byron's  
Works, by an Englishman.*

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O D E  
T O  
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

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“Expende Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo  
“Invenies? —————

JUVENAL, Sat. X.



O. D. E.

70

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE  
LAND OFFICE  
FOR THE YEAR 1870









*Weller. d.*

*Leila*



“The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by  
“the *Senate*, by the *Italians*, and by the Pro-  
“vincials of *Gaul*; his moral virtues, and mili-  
“tary talents, were loudly celebrated; and those  
“who derived any private benefit from his go-  
“vernment, announced in prophetic strains the  
“restoration of public felicity.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
\* \* \* \* \*

“By this shameful abdication, he protracted his  
“life a few years, in a very ambiguous state,  
“between an Emperor and Exile till —————

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. 6, p. 220.



The Emperor's report was received by  
the Senate, by the House, and the Pro-  
vincials of each of the three orders, the  
Lords, the Commons, and the Clergy, who  
also received and transmitted to the  
several courts of law, the  
various orders of the Emperor.

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various orders of the Emperor.





O D E.

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I.

Tis done — but yesterday a King!  
And arm'd with Kings to strive —  
And now thou art a nameless thing  
So abject — yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our Earth with hostile bones?  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.



## II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind  
Who bow'd so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestion'd, — power to save —  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipp'd thee;  
Nor, till thy fall, could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness!

## III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach  
To after-warriors more  
Than high Philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preached before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

## IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,



The rapture of the strife <sup>1</sup> —  
 The earthquake voice of Victory,  
 To thee the breath of life;  
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,  
 Wherewith renown was rife —  
 All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must be  
 The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!  
 The victor overthrown!  
 The Arbiter of others' fate  
 A Suppliant for his own!  
 Is it some yet imperial hope  
 That with such change can calmly cope?  
 Or dread of death alone?  
 To die a prince — or live a slave —  
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He <sup>2</sup> who of old would rend the oak,  
 Dreamed not of the rebound;  
 Chained by the trunk he vainly broke,



Alone — how looked he round? —  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found:  
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey;  
But thou must eat thy heart away!

## VII.

The Roman, <sup>3</sup> when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home.  
He dared depart, in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

## VIII.

The Spaniard, <sup>4</sup> when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;



A strict accountant of his beads,  
 A subtle disputant on creeds,  
 His dotage trifled well:  
 Yet better had he neither known  
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand  
 The thunderbolt is wrung —  
 Too late thou leav'st the high command  
 To which thy weakness clung;  
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
 It is enough to grieve the heart,  
 To see thine own unstrung;  
 To think that God's fair world hath been  
 The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
 Who thus can hoard his own!  
 And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
 And thanked him for a throne!  
 Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,  
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear



In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind!

## XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain —  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain.  
If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again —  
But who would soar the solar height.  
To set in such a starkless night?

## XII.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay;  
Thy scales, Mortality! are just  
To all that pass away:  
But yet methought, the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay;  
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth  
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.



XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
 Thy still imperial bride;  
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
 Still clings she to thy side?  
 Must she too bend, must she too share  
 Thy late repentance, long despair,  
 Thou throneless Homicide?  
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,  
 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea;  
 That element may meet thy smile,  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
 Or trace with thine all idle hand,  
 In loitering mood, upon the sand,  
 That Earth is now as free!  
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage<sup>5</sup>



12 ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

What thoughts will there be thine,  
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?

But one — «The world *was* mine?»  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
Life will not long confine  
That spirit poured so widely forth —  
So long obey'd — so little worth!

XVI.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven, <sup>6</sup>

Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock!  
Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,  
The very Fiend's arch mock; <sup>7</sup>  
He in his fall preserv'd his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

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# NOTES.

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Note 1, page 7, line 1.

*The rapture of the strife —*

*Certaminis guadia*, the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassidorus.

Note 2, page 7, line 18.

*He who of old would rend the oak. —*

Milo.

Note 3, page 8, line 7.

*The Roman, when his burning heart —*

Scylla.

Note 4, page 8, line 16.

*The Spaniard, when the lust of sway —*

Charles V.



Note 5, page 11, line 19.

*Thou Timour! in his captive's cage —*

The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

Note 6, page 12, line 9.

*Or like the thief of fire from heaven —*

Prometheus.

Note 7, page 12, line 15.

*The very Fiend's arch mock —*

«The fiend's arch mock —

«To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste.» —

SHAKSPEARE.

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P O E M S.







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P O E M S.

I.

Written in an Album.

1.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

2.

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14th, 1809.

II.

*To * * **

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore, which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth;
Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.
Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main!
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:
On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word — to love.
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;

And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?
Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had brav'd the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scap'd a tyrant's fiercer wrath?
Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose;
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;
Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:
And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

III.

S T A N Z A S

Written in passing the Ambracian Gulph,

November 14th, 1809.

1.

THROUGH cloudless skies; in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

2.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

3.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

4.

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Anthonies.

5.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

IV.

S. T A N Z A S

*Composed October 11th 1809, during the night,
in a thunder - storm; when the guides had
lost the road to Zitza, near the range of
mountains formerly called Pindus, in Al-
bania.*

1.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

2.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

3.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom —
How welcome were its shade! — ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

4.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim —
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

5.

A shot is fir'd — by foe or friend?
Another — 'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

6.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

7.

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

8.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

9.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

10.

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

11.

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I pressed thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

12.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if ought so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

13.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

14.

Do thou amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her lattic'd halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

15.

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

16.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

17.

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

18.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

V.

*Written at Athens.**January 16, 1810.*

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

VI.

Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos. 1

May 9, 1810.

1.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

2.

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

3.

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

4.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo, — and — Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

5.

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

VII.

S O N G.

Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.²

Athens, 1810.

1.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

2.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

3.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircl'd waist;¹
By all the token-flowers³ that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By Love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

4.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,⁴
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώνη μου, σάς αγαπῶ.

VIII.

*Translation of the famous Greek War Song
 Δεῦτε παῖδες πῶν Ἑλλήνων, writ-
 ten by Riga, who perished in the attempt to
 revolutionize Greece. The following trans-
 lation is as literal as the author could make
 it in verse; it is of the same measure as that
 of the original. See Appendix to vol. I.*

1.

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

2.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hilled city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

3.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;

With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

IX.

Translation of the Romaic Song,

“Μπενω μες 'Ισ' πέριθόλι

“Ω'ραιοΐαΐη Χάηδή,” etc.

The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our “χόροι” in the winter of 1810—11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

1.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haideé,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haideé.

2.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandon'd the bowers;
Bring me hemlock — since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

3.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierc'd through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me
cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haideé!
There Flora all wither'd reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

X.

Written beneath a Picture.

1.

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Thine image and my tears are left.

2.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

XI.

On Parting.

1.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

2.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

3.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

4.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

5.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

XII.

T O T H Y R Z A.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet belov'd in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bit us meet — no — ne'er again!
Could this have been — a word, a look
That softly said, «We part in peace,»
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepar'd a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,

When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast — as now they flow.
Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss so guiltless and refin'd
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore — I wear it still,
But where is thine? — ah, where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
In would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me — too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiv'n:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heav'n!

XIII.

S T A N Z A S.

1.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!

Be silent thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!

I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days —

But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze

On what I am, on what I was.

2.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet

Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;

And now their softest notes repeat

A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!

Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,

Beloved dust! since dust thou art;

And all that once was harmony

Is worse than discord to my heart!

3.

'Tis silent all! — but on my ear
The well - remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still,
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake:
Ev'n slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

4.

Sweet Thyrsa! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he, who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heav'n is veil'd in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

XIV.

T O T H Y R Z A.

1.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleas'd before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

2.

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

3.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul,
The heart — the heart is lonely still!

4.

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heav'nly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon" —
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

5.

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!

6.

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How ting'd by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent — ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

7.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt prest!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

XV.

E U T H A N A S I A.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

2.

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

3.

But silent let me sink to Earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

4.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

5.

"Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

6.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produc'd at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

7.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan!
For thousands Death hath ceas'd to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

8.

"Ay, but to die, and go, "alas!"
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

9.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

XVI.

S T A N Z A S.

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui
meminisse!"

1.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

2.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove

That what I lov'd and long must love
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I lov'd so well.

3.

Yet did love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

4.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

5.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

6.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7.

As once I wept, if I could weep
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,

To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity,
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

XVII.

S T A N Z A S.

1.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserv'd may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

2.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile,
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy Memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine,
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

3.

If not the Goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care,
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

4.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
No, No — it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

5.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, Oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14th, 1812.

XVIII.

On a Cornelian Heart Which was broken.

1.

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employed in vain?

2.

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee, feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

XIX.

(This poem and the following were written some
years ago.)

To a Youthful Friend.

1.

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserv'd our feelings long the same.

2.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles of the heart recall;
And those who once have lov'd the most
Too soon forget they lov'd at all.

3.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estrang'd again.

4.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine.
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

5.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

6.

It boots not, that together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy;
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceas'd to be a boy.

7.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's controul,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

8.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfin'd,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

9.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

10.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend,
And those, and those alone may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

11.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

12.

No, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world I so much hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

13.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

14.

Alas, whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet)

15.

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad,
To join the vain, and court the proud.

16.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

17.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame,
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

18.

What friend for thee, howe'er inclin'd,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share?

19.

In time forbear! amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but — mean.

XX.

To * * * * *

1.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

2.

Thy husband's blest — and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he lov'd thee not!

3.

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,
I kiss'd it, for its mother's sake.

4.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

5.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

6.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

7.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime —
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

8.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

9.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

XXI.

From the Portuguese.

IN moments to delight devoted,
 “My life!” with tend’rest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted;
 If youth could neither fade nor die.
To death even hours like these must roll,
 Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change “my life!” into “my soul!”
 Which, like my love, exists for ever.

XXII.

Impromptu, in Reply to a Friend.

WHEN from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.

XXIII.

*Address, spoken at the opening of Drury-lane
Theatre, Saturday.*

October 10th, 1812.

In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn-
ned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!)
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,

While thousands, thronged around the burning
dome,

Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their
home,

As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,

Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall

Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;

Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,

Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,

Know the same favour which the former knew,

A shrine for Shakspeare — worthy him and *you?*

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name

Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;

On the same spot still consecrates the scene,

And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:

This fabric's birth attests the potent spell —

Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,

Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,

Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast

Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.

On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art

O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest

heart.

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed and claims — nor you
refuse

One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals
bright,

Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs*;
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
Pause — ere their feeblér offspring you con-
demn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players
and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,

Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste, it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win
your own.

The curtain rises — may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may we please — long, long may you
preside!

XXIV.

T O T I M E.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die —
Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heav'n.
To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy pow'r:

The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.
In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe;
For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee — not Eternity.
That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.
One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed:
And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon — a nameless stone!

XXV.

Translation of a Romaic Love Song.

1.

Ah! Love was never yet without
 The pang, the agony, the doubt,
 Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
 While day and night roll darkling by.

2.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
 I faint, I die beneath the blow.
 That Love had arrows, well I knew;
 Alas! I find them poison'd too.

3.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net,
 Which Love around your haunts hath set;
 Or circled by his fatal fire,
 Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

4.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

5.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

6.

In flattering dreams I deemed the mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

7.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou chang'd, and canst thou hate?

8.

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

9.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults — while mine is breaking,

10.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

11.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know,
That joy is harbinger of woe.

XXVI.

A S O N G.

1.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forc'd to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st — too soon thou leavest.

2.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet, —
When she can change who lov'd so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

3.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
 Is doom'd to all who love or live;
 And if, when 'conscious on the morrow;
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely.

4.

What must they feel whom no false vision,
 But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
 As if a dream alone had charm'd?
 Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
 And all thy change can be but dreaming!

XXVII.

On being asked what was the «Origin of Love?»

THE «Origin of Love!» — Ah why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And should'st thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live — until I cease to be.

XXVIII.

Remember him, etc.

1.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

2.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blest:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reprov'd, repres'd.

3.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost,
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

4.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

5.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdu'd:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

6.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou had'st lov'd without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

7.

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And, that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

8.

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroyed might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

9.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign — such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

10.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure,
From what even here hath past, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

11.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

12.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

13.

Still, had I lov'd thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

XXIX.

Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull.

1.

START not — nor deem my spirit fled:
 In me behold the only skull,
 From which, unlike a living head,
 Whatever flows is never dull.

2.

I lived, I loved; I quaff'd, like thee;
 I died; let earth my bones resign:
 Fill up — thou canst not injure me;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

3.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

IV.

F

4.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine!

5.

Quaff while thou canst — another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

6.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed for worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

XXX.

To a Lady weeping.

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah, happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep — for thy tears are Virtue's tears —
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

XXXI.

From the Turkish.

1.
THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

2.
These gifts were charmed by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

3.
That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet — till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

4.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shivered in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

5.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute:
'Tis past — to them and thee adieu —
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

XXXII.

SONNET.

To Geneva.

THINE eyes blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair —

Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought —
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!

With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue scorn.

XXXIII.

SONNET.

To Geneva.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow: —
And dazzle not thy deep - blue eyes but oh!

While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness

Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,

Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

XXXIV.

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blushed for
shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on — it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

XXXV.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell — Farewell!
These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

XXXVI.

On the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue.
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

NOTES.

from which we have seen that the
and government of the
the country will be the same as
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And the same will be the case

NOTES.

TO THE

POEMS.

Note 1, page 28, line 2.

Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos.

ON the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic — by-the-by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the

current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold from the melting of the mountainsnows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt, but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Terragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to idssuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of

Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

Note 2, page 30, line 3.

Ζώνη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Zoë mou, sas agapo, or *Ζώνη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ*, a Romaic expression of tenderness: if I translate it I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, «My life, I love you!» which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized.

Note, 3, page 31, line 4.

By all the token-flowers that tell.

In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy

IV.

G

of Mercury — an old woman. A cinder says,
 «I burn for thee;» a bunch of flowers tied
 with hair, «Take me and fly;» but a pebble
 declares — what nothing else can.

Note 4, page 31, line 11.

Though I fly to Istambol.

Constantinople.

Note 5, page 33, line 11.

And the seven-hilled city seeking,

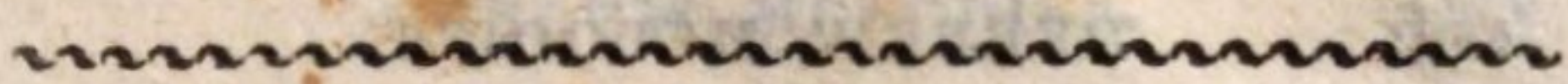
Constantinople. „Επιταλοφος.“

HEBREW MELODIES.

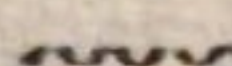
On waves of music, as the sea,
In shades of blue and many a hue,
And all that's best of earth and sky,
Meet in her song and melody,
Thus melted in that tender tone,
Which heaven itself has given.

On shades the more, and for the last,
And how she sang the sweetest part,
Which waves in every voice repeat,
Or softest breathing lowly sweet,
Where thought is gently borne away,
How pure, how near the heavenly place.

The subsequent poems were written at the request
of my friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaid, for a Selection of
Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the
music, arranged, by Mr. BRAHAM and Mr. NATHAN.



HEBREW MELODIES.



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

I.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

I.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINISTREL SWEPT,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's Lyre grew mightier than his
throne!

II.

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened vallies ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not re-
move.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

I.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears. —
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity!

II.

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

I.

THE WILD GAZELLE on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by: —

II.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

III.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scattered race;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace:
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

IV.

But we must wander witheringly,
 In other lands to die;
 And where our father's ashes be,
 Our own may never lie:
 Our temple hath not left a stone,
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

I.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE that weep by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the God-
less dwell!

II.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

III.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their Country — Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

I.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS the Arabs' camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep —
Yet there — even there — Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

II.

There — where thy finger scorch'd the tablet
stone!

There — where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself — none living see and not expire!

III.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's
spear:

How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

I.

SINCE our Country, our God — Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

II.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

III.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure —
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

IV.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN
BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

III.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

I.

MY SOUL IS DARK — Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain:

II.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nurst,
And ach'd in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once — or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I.

I SAW THEE WEEP — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw theesmile the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

II.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow die,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

I.

THY DAYS ARE DONE, thy fame begun;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumphs of her chosen Son,
 The slaughters of his sword!
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored!

II.

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death!
 The generous blood that flowed from thee
 Disdain'd to sink beneath:
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath!

III.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word!
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices poured!
 To weep would do thy glory wrong;
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

I.

WARRIORS and Chiefs! should the shaft or the
sword

Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

II.

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

III.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

S A U L.

I.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
«Samuel, raise thy buried head!
«King, behold the phantom seer!»

Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

II.

«Why is my sleep disquieted?
«Who is he that calls the dead?
«Is it thou, Oh King? Behold
«Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
«Such are mine; and such shall be
«Thine, to - morrow, when with me:
«Ere the coming day is done,
«Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
«Fare thee well, but for a day;
«Then we mix our mouldering clay.
«Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
«Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
«And the falchion by thy side
«To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:
«Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
«Son and sire, the house of Saul!”



MANFRED.

One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

THE

PRISONER OF CHILLON etc.

ETERNAL spirit of the chamber-maid!
Brightest in dungeons, like me! thou art,
For were thy harpstrings of the world's
The heart which, long of days, was ever true,
And when thy scales of justice were
To letters, and the lamp of knowledge,
Their country concerns with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's cause, like things on earth, were
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad fate is still — for 'twas true,
Until his very name was hushed from
Worn, as if thy noble blood were
By Bonivard? — May none more mark
For they cannot from tyranny to God!

THE
PRISONER OF CHILTON &c

W. A. M.

Printed and sold by J. W. Smith, 10, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned —
To fetters, and the damp vaults's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

SONNET ON CHILLON.
THE
PRISONER OF CHILLON.

A FABLE.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,²
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare; 10

But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage; 20
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;

And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away, 40
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy, score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three — yet, each alone,
 We could not move a single pace, 50
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight;
 And thus together — yet apart,
 Fettered in hand, but pined in heart;
 'Twas still some solace in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each,
 With some new hope, or legend old, 60

Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved,
And truly might it be distress
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me 80
As to young eagles, being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:

And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank

With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit withered with their clank,

I saw it silently decline —

And so perchance in sooth did mine; 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and wolf;

To him this dungeon was a gulf,

And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below

Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
From Chillon's snow-white battlement, 3

Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — und like a living grave.

Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;

Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
And wanton in the happy sky;

And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loath'd and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,

Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love;

His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,

So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray —
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur — not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence — lost 200
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listened, but I could not hear —
 I called, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I called, and thought I heard a sound —
 I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
 And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived — I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;

The last — the sole — the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe: 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so,

I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew —
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling — none —
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;

For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
 It was not night — it was not day, 240
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place
 There were no stars — no earth — no time —
 No check — no change — no good — no crime —
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute; and motionless! 250

X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track, 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile;
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290

For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone, —
 Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone — as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XL

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate,
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was: — my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread

My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all, 320
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child — no sire — no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below, 1

And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down; 340
 And then there was a little isle,⁴
 Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view:
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broador than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue. 350

The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled — and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode 360
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,

And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free, 370

I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,

I learn'd to love despair.

And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home: 380

With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We where all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,

Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

390

STONANE T.

ROUSSEAU — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and de
Staël —

5Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these, wert thou no
more,

Their memory thy remembrance would recall;
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,

But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall

Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,

In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,

Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

STANZAS TO —.

I.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

II.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

III.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its Fragments are sunk in the wave,

Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain — it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn —
They may torture, but shall not subdue me —
'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.

IV.

Though human, thou dist not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake, —
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

V.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one —
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

VI.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

D A R K N E S S.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went — and came, and brought

no day,

And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires — and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons, cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing
homes

To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light

Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and
smiled;

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild
birds shriek'd,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again; — a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought — and that was
death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept,
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress — he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage: they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton
hands

The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and
died —

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,

And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge —
The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them — She was the universe.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE,

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED,

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,
 Which lay unread around it: and I ask'd
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
 Through the thick deaths of half a century;
 And thus he answered — «Well, I do not know
 «Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
 «He died before my day of Sextonship,
 «And I had not the digging of this grave.»
 And is this all? I thought, — and do we rip
 The veil of Immortality? and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages; to endure this blight?
 So soon and so successful? As I said,
 The Architect of all on which we tread,
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,

Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's
thought

Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers; — as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he, — «I believe the man of whom
«You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
«Was a most famous writer in his day,
«And therefore travellers step from out their way
«To pay him honour, — and myself whate'er
«Your honour pleases,» — then most pleased I
shook

From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently; — Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I — for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep — for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity. the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such, 30
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; — the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath 40
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young — yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horison's verge
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;

The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away; 50

He had no breath, no being, but in her's;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye followed her's, and saw with her's,
Which coloured all his objects: — he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of her's, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously — his heart 60
Unknowing of its cause of agony.

But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother — but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race. — It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not and
why?

Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved 70
Another; even now she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood

Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparisoned:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake; — he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon 80
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion — then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet; as he pass'd,
The Lady of his love re-entered there,
She was serene and smiling then, and yet 90
She knew she was by him beloved, — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts

Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu, 100
For they did part with mutual smiles; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea 110
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man 120
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,

So cloudless, clear, und purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Lady of his love was wed with One
Who did not love her better; — in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy, 130
Daughters and sons of Beauty, — but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? — she had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? — she had loved him
not, 140
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. —
The Wanderer was return'd. — I saw him stand

Before an Altar — with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood; — as he stood
Even at the altar; o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock 150
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then —
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have
been —

But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall, 160
And the remembered chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love; — Oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind

Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes 170
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to her's.
And this the world calls phrenzy but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth? 180
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

And change came o'er the spirit of my dream. —
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until 190
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,⁶
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment, he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,

And made him friends of mountains : with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues ; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries ;
To him the book of Night was opened wide ,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd 200
A marvel and a secret — Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past ; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order , that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality — the one
To end in madness — both in misery.

THE INCANTATION.

(The following Poem was a Chorus in an unfinished Witch Drama, which was begun some years ago.)

I.

WHEN the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

II.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,

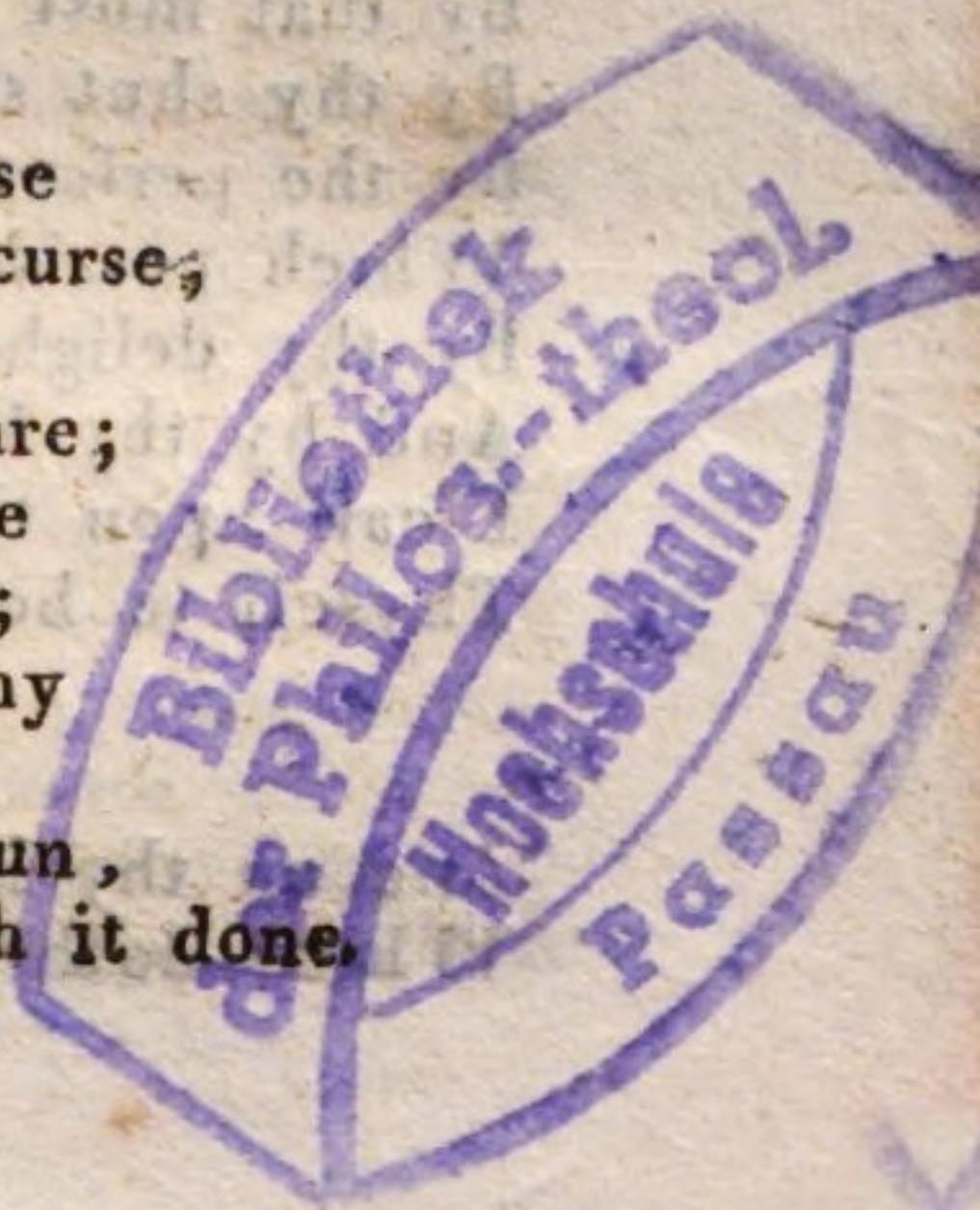
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

III.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast not turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

IV.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.



V.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake;
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

VI.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy:
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

VII.

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;

Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

PROMETHEUS.

I.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,

The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse
A mighty lesson we inherit:

Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funeral destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — an equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentrated recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.


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**N O T E S.**

**TO THE**

**PRISONER OF CHILLON etc.**

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**Note 1, page 5, line 13.**

*By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!*

François de Bonnivard, fils de Louis de Bonnivard, originaire de Seyssel et Seigneur de Lunes, naquit en 1496; il fit ses études à Turin: en 1510 Jean Aimé de Bonnivard, son oncle, lui resigna le Prieuré de St. Victor, qui aboutissoit aux murs de Genève, et qui formait un benefice considérable.



Ce grand homme (Bonnivard mérite ce titre par la force de son ame, la droiture de son cœur, la noblesse de ses intentions, la sagesse de ses conseils, le courage de ses démarches, l'étendue de ses connaissances et la vivacité de son esprit), ce grand homme, qui excitera l'admiration de tous ceux qu'une vertu héroïque peut encore émouvoir, inspirera encore la plus vive reconnaissance dans les cœurs des Genevois qui aiment Genève. Bonnivard en fut toujours un des plus fermes appuis : pour assurer la liberté de notre république, il ne craignit pas de perdre souvent la sienne; il oublia son repos; il méprisa ses richesses; il ne négligea rien pour affermir le bonheur d'une patrie qu'il honora de son choix : dès ce moment il la chérit comme le plus zélé de ses citoyens; il la servit avec l'intrépidité d'un héros, et il écrivit son histoire avec la naïveté d'un philosophe et la chaleur d'un patriote.

Il dit dans le commencement de son histoire de Genève, que, *dès qu'il eut commencé de lire l'histoire des nations, il se sentit entraîné par son goût pour les républiques, dont il épousa toujours les intérêts : c'est ce goût pour la liberté qui lui fit sans doute adopter Genève pour sa patrie.*



Bonnivard , encore jeune , s'annonça hautement comme le défenseur de Genève contre le Duc de Savoye et l'Evêque.

En 1519 , Bonnivard devient le martyr de sa patrie : Le Duc de Savoye étant entré dans Genève avec cinq cent hommes , Bonnivard craint le ressentiment du Duc ; il voulut se retirer à Fribourg pour en éviter les suites ; mais il fut trahi par deux hommes qui l'accompagnoient , et conduit par ordre du prince à Grolée , où il resta prisonnier pendant deux ans. Bonnivard étoit malheureux dans ses voyages , comme ses malheurs n'avoient point ralenti son zèle pour Genève , il étoit toujours un ennemi redoutable pour ceux qui la menaçoient , et par conséquent il devoit être exposé à leurs coups. Il fut rencontré en 1530 sur le Jura par des voleurs , qui le dépouillèrent , et qui le mirent encore entre les mains du Duc de Savoye : ce prince le fit enfermer dans le château de Chillon , où il resta sans être interrogé jusques en 1536 : il fut alors delivré par les Bernois , qui s'emparèrent du Pays de Vaud.

Bonnivard , en sortant de sa captivité , eut le plaisir de trouver Genève libre et réformée ; la



république s'empessa de lui témoigner sa reconnaissance et de le dédommager des maux qu'il avoit soufferts; elle le reçut Bourgeois de la ville au mois de juin 1536; elle lui donna la maison habitée autrefois par le Vicaire-Général, et elle lui assigna une pension de 200 écus d'or tant qu'il séjourneroit à Genève. Il fut admis dans le Conseil des Deux-Cent en 1537.

Bonnivard n'a pas fini d'être utile: après avoir travaillé à rendre Genève libre, il réussit à la rendre tolérante. Bonnivard engagea le Conseil à accorder aux ecclésiastiques et aux paysans un tems suffisant pour examiner les propositions qu'on leur faisoit; il réussit par sa douceur: on prêche toujours le christianisme avec succès quand on le prêche avec charité.

Bonnivard fut savant; ses manuscrits, qui sont dans la bibliothèque publique, prouvent qu'il avoit bien lu les auteurs classiques latins, et qu'il avoit approfondi la théologie et l'histoire. Ce grand homme aimoit les sciences, et il croyoit qu'elles pouvoient faire la gloire de Genève; aussi il ne négligea rien pour les fixer dans cette ville naissante; en 1551 il donna sa bibliothè-



que au public ; elle fut le commencement de notre bibliothèque publique ; et ces livres sont en partie les rares et belles éditions du quinzième siècle qu'on voit dans notre collection. Enfin , pendant la même année , ce bon patriote institua la république son héritière , à condition qu'elle employeroit ses biens à entretenir le collège dont on projettoit la fondation.

Il parût que Bonnivard mourut en 1570 ; mais on ne peut l'assurer , parcequ'il y a une lacune dans le nécrologe depuis le mois de Juillet 1570 jusques en 1571.

Note 2 , page 8 , line 3.

*In a single night.*

Ludovico Sforza , and others. — The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's , the wife of Louis XVI. though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect : to such , and not to fear , this change in *her's* was to be attributed.



Note 3, page 13, line 3.

*From Chillon's snow-white battlement.*

The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the Heights of Melleirie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo.

Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces — he was confined here several years.



It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Heloise, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death.

The chateau is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

Note 4, page 22, line 15.

*And then there was a little isle.*

Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees, (I think not above three,) and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

When the foregoing poem was composed I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. Some account of his life will be found in a note appended to the «Sonnet



on Chillon, » with which I have been furnished by the kindness of a citizen of that Republic which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom.

Note 5, page 26, line 2.

*Leman ! these names are worthy of thy shore.*

Geneva, Ferney, Coppet, Lausanne.

Note 6, page 45, line 5.

*Like to the Pontic monarch of old days.*

Mithridates of Pontus.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Manfred.

Clara.

MANFRED.

Act I.

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„There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
„Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.“

Act II.

Act III.

Act IV.

Act V.

The scene of the drama is amongst the highest  
 Alps — partly in the Castle of Manfred,  
 and partly in the mountains.



NOTES TO THE PRISONER ETC.

As the prisoner is now in the hands of the law, it is necessary that he should be treated with the same consideration as a person who is in the hands of the law. It is necessary that he should be treated with the same consideration as a person who is in the hands of the law.

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# DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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*Manfred.*

*Chamois Hunter.*

*Abbot of St. Maurice.*

*Manuel.*

*Herman.*

*Witch of the Alps.*

*Arimanes,*

*Nemesis.*

*The Destinies.*

*Spirits etc.*

---

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps — partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.*



# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

---

Blasphemy.

Chambers Hunter.

Abbot of St. Maurice.

Michael.

Norman.

Witch of the Alps.

Archer.

Harold.

The Doctor.

Johns etc.

---

The scene of the Drama is amongst the hills  
After — part in the forest of St. Maurice  
and partly in the mountains.



MANFRED.

ACT I.

SCENE. I.

MANFRED *alone* — *Scene, a Gothic gallery* —  
*Time, Midnight.*

MAN. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then  
It will not burn so long as I must watch :  
My slumbers — if I slumber — are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,  
Which then I can resist not: in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within; and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.



But grief should be the instructor of the wise;  
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.  
Philosophy and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essayed, and in my mind there is  
A power to make these subject to itself —  
But they avail not: I have done men good,  
And I have met with good even among men —  
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen before me —  
But this avail'd not: — Good, or evil, life,  
Powers; passions, all I see in other beings,  
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,  
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or  
wishes,  
Or lurking love of something on the earth. —  
Now to my task!

Mysterious Agency,

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!  
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light —  
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell  
In subtler essence — ye, to whom the tops  
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,  
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things —



I call upon ye by the written charm  
Which gives me power upon you — Rise! appear!

*(A pause.*

They come not yet. — Now by the voice of him  
Who is the first among you — by this sign,  
Which makes you tremble — by the claims of him  
Who is undying, — Rise! appear! — Appear!

*(A pause.*

If it be so — Spirits of earth and air,  
Ye shall not thus elude me; by a power,  
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,  
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,  
A wandering hell in the eternal space;  
By the strong course which is upon my soul,  
The thought which is within me and around me,  
I do compel ye to my will. — Appear!

*(A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery,  
it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.)*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,  
From my mansion in the cloud,  
Which the breath of twilight builds,  
And the summer's sun-set gilds



With the azure and vermillion,  
Which is mix'd for my pavilion:  
Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
On a star-beam I have ridden;  
To thine adjuration bow'd,  
Mortal — be thy wish avow'd!

*Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
They crowned him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.  
Around his waist are forests braced,  
The Avalanche in his hand;  
But ere it fall, that thundering ball  
Must pause for my command.  
The Glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day;  
But I am he who bids it pass,  
Or with its ice delay.  
I am the spirit of the place,  
Could make the mountain bow  
And quiver to his cavern'd base —  
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?



*Voice of the* THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,  
Where the wave hath no strife,  
Where the wind is a stranger,  
And the sea-snake hath life,  
Where the Mermaid is decking  
Her green hair with shells;  
Like the storm on the surface  
Came the sound of thy spells;  
O'er my calm Hall of Coral,  
The deep echo roll'd —  
To the Spirit of Ocean  
Thy wishes unfold!

## FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake  
Lies pillow'd on fire,  
And the lakes of bitumen  
Rise boilingly higher;  
Where the roots of the Andes  
Strike deep in the earth,  
As their summits to heaven  
Shoot soaringly forth;



I have quitted my birth-place,  
Thy bidding to bide —  
Thy spell hath subdued me,  
Thy will be my guide!

## FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,  
The Stirrer of the storm;  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm;  
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea  
I swept upon the blast:  
The fleet I met sailed well, and yet  
'Twill sink ere night be past.

## SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,  
Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

## SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny,  
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:



It was a world as fresh and fair  
As e'er revolved round sun in air;  
Its course was free and regular,  
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.  
The hour arrived — and it became  
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,  
A pathless comet, and a curse,  
The menace of the universe;  
Still rolling on with innate force,  
Without a sphere, without a course,  
A bright deformity on high,  
The monster of the upper sky!  
And thou! beneath its influence born —  
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn —  
Forced by a power (which is not thine,  
And lent thee but to make thee mine)  
For this brief moment to descend,  
Where these weak spirits round thee bend  
And parley with a thing like thee —  
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

*The SEVEN SPIRITS.*

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds,  
thy star,  
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!



Before thee at thy quest their spirits are —  
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals —  
say?

MAN. Forgetfulness —

FIRST SPIRIT. Of what — of whom — and why?

MAN. Of that which is within me; read it  
there —  
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT. We can but give thee that which we  
possess:  
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power  
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign  
Which shall control the elements, whereof  
We are the dominators, each and all,  
These shall be thine.

MAN. Oblivion, self-oblivion —  
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms  
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

SPIRIT. It is not in our essence, in our skill;  
But — thou mayst die.



MAN. Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT. We are immortal, and do not forget;  
We are eternal; and to us the past  
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?

MAN. Ye mock me — but the power which  
brought ye here  
Hath made you mine, Slaves, scoff not at my will!  
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,  
The lightning of my being, is as bright,  
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,  
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in  
clay!  
Answer! or I will teach ye what I am.

SPIRIT. We answer as we answered; our reply  
Is even in thine own words.

MAN. Why say ye so?

SPIRIT. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be  
as ours,  
We have replied in telling thee, the thing  
Mortals call death, hath nought to do with us.



MAN. I then have call'd ye from your realms  
in vain;  
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

SPIRIT. Say;  
What we possess we offer; it is thine:  
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again —  
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length  
of days —

MAN. Accursed! what have I to do with days?  
They are too long already. — Hence — begone!

SPIRIT. Yet pause: being here, our will would  
do thee service!  
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift  
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

MAN. No, none: yet stay — one moment,  
ere we part —  
I would behold ye face to face. I hear  
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,  
As music on the waters; and I see  
The steady aspect of a clear large star;  
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,  
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.



SPIRIT. We have no forms beyond the elements  
Of which we are the mind and principle:  
But choose a form — in that we will appear.

MAN. I have no choice; there is no form on  
earth  
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,  
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect  
As unto him may seem most fitting. — Come!

SEVENTH SPIRIT. (*Appearing in the shape of a  
beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

MAN. Oh God! if it be thus, and thou  
Art not a madness and a mockery,  
I yet might be most happy, — I will clasp thee,  
And we again will be — [*The figure vanishes.*  
My heart is crush'd!

[MANFRED falls senseless.

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,  
And the glow-worm in the grass,  
And the meteor on the grave,



And the wisp on the morass;  
When the falling stars are shooting,  
And the answer'd owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep.  
There are shades which will not vanish;  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;  
By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gathered in a cloud;  
And for ever shalt thou dwell  
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
As a thing that, though unseen,  
Must be near thee, and hath been;  
And when in that secret dread  
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,



Thou shalt marvel! I am not  
As thy shadow on the spot,  
And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse  
Hath baptized thee with a curse,  
And a spirit of the air  
Hath begirt thee with a snare;  
In the wind there is a voice  
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;  
And to thee shall Night deny  
All the quiet of her sky;  
And the day shall have a sun,  
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil  
An essence which hath strength to kill;  
From thy own heart I then did wring  
The black blood in its blackest spring;  
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,  
For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
From thy own lip I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;



In proving every poison known,  
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile.  
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;  
By the perfection of thine art  
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;  
By thy delight in others' pain,  
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
I call upon thee! and compel  
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial  
Which doth devote thee to this trial;  
Nor to slumber, nor to die,  
Shall be in thy destiny;  
Though thy death shall still seem near  
To thy wish, but as a fear;  
Lo! the spell now works around thee,  
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;  
O'er thy heart and brain together  
Hath the word been pass'd — now wither!



## SCENE II.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—*

*MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.*

MAN. The spirits I have raised abandon me —  
The spells which I have studied baffle me —  
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;  
I lean no more on super-human aid,  
It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,  
It is not of my search. — My mother Earth!  
And thou, fresh breaking Day, and you, ye  
Mountains,  
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight — thou shin'st not on my heart.  
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge  
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath  
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs  
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring  
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed



To rest for ever — wherefore do I pause?  
I feel the impulse — yet I do not plunge;  
I see the peril — yet do not recede;  
And my brain reels — and yet my foot is firm:  
There is a power upon me which withholds  
And makes it my fatality to live;  
If it be life to wear within myself  
This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased  
To justify my deeds unto myself —  
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,  
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,  
[*An eagle passes.*  
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
Well may'st thou swoop so near me — I should be  
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone  
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine  
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above  
With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!  
How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself;  
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns; we;  
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will.



Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are — what they name not to themselves,  
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,  
— [ *The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*  
The natural music of the mountain reed —  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal air,  
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;  
My soul would drink those echoes. — Oh, that  
I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment — born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me!

*Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Even so  
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet  
Have baffled me: my gains to-day will scarce  
Repay my break-neck travail. — What is here?  
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd  
A height which none even of our mountaineers,  
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb  
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air



Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance. —  
I will approach him nearer.

MAN. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus —  
Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to decay —  
And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er  
With wrinkleless, plough'd by moments, not by  
years;  
And hours — all tortured into ages — hours  
Which I outlive! — Ye toppling crags of ice!  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush  
me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things which still would live;  
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. HUN. The mists begin to rise from up the  
valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chanc  
To lose at once his way and life together.



MAN. The mists boil up around the glaciers;  
clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,  
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
Heaped with the damn'd like pebbles. — I am giddy.

C. HUN. I must approach him cautiously; if  
near,  
A sudden step will startle him, and he  
Seems tottering already.

MAN. Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;  
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel — thus,  
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg —  
Why stood I not beneath it?

C. HUN. Friend have a care,  
Your next step may be fatal! — for the love  
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

MAN: (*not hearing him.*) Such would have been  
— *ONE* for me a fitting tomb;



My bones had then been quiet in their depth;  
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks  
For the wind's pastime — as thus — thus they  
shall be —

In this one plunge. — Farewell, ye opening heavens!  
Look not upon me thus reproachfully —  
Ye were not meant for me — Earth! take these  
atoms!

*(As MANFRED is en act to spring from the cliff,  
the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him  
with a sudden grasp.)*

C. HUN. Hold! madman! — though aweary  
of thy life,  
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood. —  
Away with me — I will not quit my hold.

MAN. I am most sick at heart — nay, grasp  
me not —  
I am all feebleness — the mountains whirl  
Spinning around me — I grow blind — What  
art thou?

C. HUN. I'll answer that anon. — Away with  
me —  
The clouds grow thicker — there — now lean  
on me —



Place your foot here — here, take this staff, and  
cling

A moment to that shrub — now give me your  
hand,

And hold fast by my girdle — softly — well —  
The Chalet will be gained within an hour —  
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,  
And something like a pathway, which the torrent  
Hath wash'd since winter. — Come, 'tis bravely  
done —

You should have been a hunter. — Follow me.  
(*As they descend the rocks with difficulty,  
the scene closes.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.



ACT II.

S C E N E I.

*A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.*

MANFRED. *and the* CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. HUN. No, no — yet pause — thou must  
not yet go forth:

Thy mind and body are alike unfit  
To trust each other, for some hours, at least;  
When thou art better, I will be thy guide —  
But whither?

MAN. It imports not: I do know  
My route full well, and need no further guidance.



**C. HUN.** Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of  
high lineage —  
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags  
Look o'er the lower valleys — which of these  
May call thee Lord? I only know their portals;  
My way of life leads me but rarely down  
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,  
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,  
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,  
I know from childhood — which of these is thine?

**MAN.** No matter.

**C. HUN.** Well, sir, pardon me the question,  
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;  
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day  
'T has thawed my veins among our glaciers, now  
Let it do thus for thine — Come, pledge me fairly.

**MAN.** Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!  
Will it then never — never sink in the earth?

**C. HUN.** What dost thou mean? thy senses  
wander from thee.

**MAN.** I say 'tis blood — my blood! the pure  
warm stream







C. HUN. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

MAN. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,  
Many long years, but they are nothing now  
To those which I must number: ages — ages —  
Space and eternity — and consciousness,  
With the fierce thirst of death — and still  
— unslaked!

C. HUN. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle  
age  
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

MAN. Think'st thou existence doth depend on  
time?  
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable,  
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,  
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,  
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. HUN. Alas! he's mad — but yet I must not  
leave him.



MAN. I would I were — for then the things I see  
Would be but a distempered dream.

C. HUN. What is it  
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

MAN. Myself, and thee — a peasant of the  
Alps —

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;  
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;  
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,  
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,  
With cross and garland over its green turf,  
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;  
This do I see — and then I look within —  
It matters not — my soul was scorch'd already!

C. HUN. And would'st thou then exchange thy  
lot for mine?

MAN. No, friend! I would not wrong thee,  
nor exchange  
My lot with living being: I can bear —  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear —



In life what others could not brook to dream,  
But perish in their slumber.

C. HUN.                      And with this —  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil? — say not so.  
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge  
Upon his enemies?

MAN. Oh! no, no, no!  
My injuries came down on those who loved me —  
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd  
An enemy, save in my just defence —  
But my embrace was fatal.

C. HUN. Heaven give thee rest!  
And penitence restore thee to thyself;  
My prayers shall be for thee.

MAN. I need them not,  
But can endure thy pity. I depart —  
'Tis time — farewell! — Here's gold, and thanks  
for thee —

No words — it is thy due. — Follow me not —  
I know my path — the mountain peril's past: —  
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[Exit MANERED.



## SCENE II.

*A lower Valley in the Alps, — A Cataract,*

*Enter MANFRED.*

It is not noon — the sunbow's ray's <sup>1</sup> still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;  
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters. — I will call her.

(MANFRED takes some of the water into the  
palm of his hand; and flings it in the air,  
muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the  
WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch  
of the sunbeam of the torrent.)

MAN. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,



And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters  
grow

To an unearthly stature, in essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth, —  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven, —  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.  
Beautiful Spirit in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit  
At times to commune with them — if that be  
Avail him of his spells — to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH.

Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give thee  
power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.



I have expected this — what wouldst thou with me?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty — nothing further.

The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I  
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce  
To the abodes of those who govern her —  
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought  
From them what they could not bestow, and now  
I search no further.

WITCH. What could be the quest  
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,  
The rulers of the invisible?

MAN. A boon;  
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

WITCH. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but  
the same;  
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth  
upwards  
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,  
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;



The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
The aim of their existence was not mine;  
My joys, my griefs, my passion, and my powers,  
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,  
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh;  
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me  
Was there but one who — but of her anon.  
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,  
I held but slight communion; but instead,  
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,  
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing  
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
Into the torrent, and to roll along  
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave  
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.  
In these my early strength exulted; or  
To follow through the night the moving moon,  
The stars and their developement; or catch  
The dazzling lightnings, till my eyes grew dim;  
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,  
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.  
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one, —  
Hating to be so, — cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,  
And was all clay again. And then I dived,











Blood, but not hers — and yet her blood was  
shed —

I saw — and could not staunch it.

WITCH.

And for this —

A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order which thine own would rise above,  
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego  
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st  
back

To recreant mortality — Away!

MAN. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that  
hour —

But words are breath — look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings — Come and sit by me!  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies; — I have gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset; — I have pray'd  
For madness as a blessing — 'tis denied me.  
I have affronted death — but in the war —  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless — the cold hand  
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair, which would not break.  
In phantasy, imagination, all,



The affluence of my soul — which one day was  
A Croesus in creation — I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind — Forgetfulness  
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn — my sciences,  
My long pursned and super-human art,  
Is mortal here — I dwell in my despair —  
And live — and live for ever.

WITCH. It may be  
That I can aid thee.

MAN. To do this thy power  
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.  
Do so — in any shape — in any hour —  
With any torture — so it be the last.

WITCH. That is not in my province; but  
if thou  
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do  
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

MAN. I will not swear — Obey! and whom?  
the spirits  
Whose presence I command, and be the slave  
Of those who served me — Never!







Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science — I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be:  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing — if they answer not —  
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag  
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit  
An answer and his destiny — he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,  
And died unpardon'd — though he call'd in aid  
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,  
Or fix her term of vengeance — she replied:  
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd. 3

If I had never lived, that which I love  
Had still been living; had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beautiful —  
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?  
What is she now? — a sufferer for my sins —  
A thing I dare not think upon — or nothing.  
Within few hours I shall not call in vain —  
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:  
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze



On spirit, good or evil — now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,  
But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears. — The night  
approaches. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.*

*Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;  
And here on snows, where never human foot  
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,  
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,  
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,  
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on  
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,  
Frozen in a moment — a dead whirlpool's image;  
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,  
The fretwork of some earthquake — where the  
clouds  
Pause to repose themselves in passing by —



Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;  
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way  
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night  
Is our great festival — 'tis strange they come not.

*A Voice without, singing.*

The Captive Usurper,  
Hurl'd down from the throne,  
Laid buried in torpor,  
Forgotten and lone;  
I broke through his slumbers,  
I shivered his chain,  
I leagued him with numbers —  
He's Tyrant again!

With the blood of a million he'll answer my  
care,  
With a nation's destruction — his flight and  
despair.

*Second Voice, without.*

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,  
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;



There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,  
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;  
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,  
And he was a subject well worthy my care;  
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea —  
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, *answering.*

The city lies sleeping;  
The morn, to deplore it,  
May dawn on it weeping.  
Sullenly, slowly,  
The black plague flew o'er it —  
Thousands lie lowly;  
Tens of thousands shall perish —  
The living shall fly from  
The sick they should cherish;  
But nothing can vanquish  
The touch that they die from.  
Sorrow and anguish,  
And evil and dread,  
Envelope a nation —  
The blest are the dead,  
Who see not the sight



Of their own desolation. —

This work of a night —

This wreck of a realm — this deed of my doing —

For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

*Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.*

*The Three.*

Our hands contain the hearts of men,

Our footsteps are their graves;

We only give to take again

The spirits of our slaves!

FIRST DES. Welcome! — Where's Nemesis?

SECOND DES. At some great work;  
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

THIRD DES. Behold she cometh.

*Enter NEMESIS.*

FIRST DES. Say, where hast thou been?  
My sister and thyself are slow to-night.



NEM. I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,  
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge;  
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull  
Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,  
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak  
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit. — Away!  
We have outstaid the hour — mount we our  
clouds! [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes — Arimanes on his Throne,  
a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

*Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

Hail to our Master! — Prince of Earth and Air! —  
Who walks the clouds and waters — in his hand  
The sceptre of the elements, which tear  
Themselves to chaos at his high command!



He breatheth — and a tempest shakes the sea;  
He speaketh — and the clouds reply in thunder;  
He gazeth — from his glance the sunbeams flee;  
He moveth — earthquakes rend the world  
asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanos rise;  
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path  
The comets herald through the crackling skies;  
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.  
To him War offers daily sacrifice;  
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,  
With all its infinite of agonies —  
And his the spirit of whatever is!

*Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.*

FIRST DES. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth  
His power increaseth — both my sisters did  
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

SECOND DES. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow  
The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

THIRD DES. Glory to Arimanes! — we await  
His nod!



NEM. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,  
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,  
And most things wholly so; still to increase  
Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,  
And we are vigilant — Thy late commands  
Have been fulfilled to the utmost.

*Enter MANFRED.*

A SPIRIT. What is here?  
A mortal! — Thou most rash and fatal wretch,  
Bow down and worship!

SECOND SPIRIT. I do know the man —  
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

THIRD SPIRIT. Bow down and worship, slave! —  
What, know'st thou not  
Thine and our Sovereign? — Tremble; and obey?

ALL THE SPIRITS. Prostrate thyself, and thy  
condemned clay,  
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.



MAN. I know it;  
And yet ye see I kneel not.

FOURTH SPIRIT. 'Twill be taught thee.

MAN. 'Tis taught already; — many a night  
on the earth,  
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,  
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known  
The fulness of humiliation, for  
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt  
To my own desolation.

FIFTH SPIRIT. Dost thou dare  
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne  
What the whole earth accords, beholding not,  
The terror of his Glory — Crouch! I say.

MAN. Bid *him* bow down to that which is above  
him,  
The overruling Infinite — the Maker  
Who made him not for worship — let him kneel,  
And we will kneel together.

THE SPIRITS. Crush the worm!  
Tear him in pieces! —



FIRST DES. Hence! Avaunt! — he's mine.  
Prince of the Powers invisible! This man  
Is of no common order, as his port  
And presence here denote; his sufferings  
Have been of an immortal nature, like  
Our own; his knowledge and his powers and will,  
As far as is compatible with clay,  
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such  
As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations  
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,  
And they have only taught him what we know —  
That knowledge is not happiness, and science  
But an exchange of ignorance for that  
Which is another kind of ignorance.  
This is not all — the passions, attributes  
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor  
being,  
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,  
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence  
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,  
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,  
And thine, it may be — be it so, or not,  
No other Spirit in this region hath  
A soul like his — or power upon his soul.

NEM. What doth he here then?



FIRST. DES.

Let him answer that.

MAN. Ye know what I have known; and without  
power

I could not be amongst ye: but there are  
Powers deeper still beyond — I come in quest  
Of such, to answer unto what I seek

NEM. What wouldst thou?

MAN. Thou canst not reply to me.  
Call up the dead — my question is for them.

NEM. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch  
The wishes of this mortal?

ARI.

Yea.

NEM.

Whom would'st thou  
Uncharnel?

MAN.

One without a tomb — call up  
Astarte.

N E M E S I S.

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,



Which still doth inherit  
The whole or a part  
Of the form of thy birth,  
Of the mould of thy clay,  
Which returned to the earth,  
Re-appear to the day!  
Bear what thou borest,  
The heart and the form,  
And the aspect thou worest  
Redeem from the worm.  
Appear! — Appear! — Appear!  
Who sent thee there requires thee here!  
(*The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands  
in the midst.*)

MAR. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her  
cheek;  
But now I see it is no living hue,  
But a strange hectic — like the unnatural red  
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.  
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread  
To look upon the same — Astarte! — No,  
I cannot speak to her — but bid her speak —  
Forgive me or condemn me.



## NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken  
The grave which enthrall'd thee,  
Speak to him who hath spoken,  
Or those who have call'd thee!

MAN. She is silent,  
And in that silence I am more than answered.

NEM. My power extends no further. Prince  
of air!  
It rests with thee alone — command her voice.

ARI. Spirit — obey this sceptre!

NEM. Silent still!  
She is not of our order, but belongs  
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,  
And we are baffled also.

MAN. Hear me, hear me —  
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me!  
I have so much endured — so much endure —







Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth  
And never found thy likeness — Speak to me!  
Look on the fiends around — they feel for me:  
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone —  
Speak to me! though it be in wrath, — but say —  
I reck not what — but let me hear thee once —  
This once — once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE. Manfred!

MAN. Say on, say on —  
I live but in the sound — it is thy voice!

PHAN. Manfred! To-morrow end thine earthly  
ills.  
Farewell!

MAN. Yet one word more — am I forgiven?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. Say, shall we meet again?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.



PHAN. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

NEM. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;  
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth!

A SPIRIT. He is convulsed — This is to be a  
mortal  
And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT. Yet, see, he mastereth himself,  
and makes  
His torture tributary to his will.  
Had he been one of us, he would have made  
An awful spirit.

NEM. Hast thou further question  
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MAN. None.

NEM. Then for a time farewell.

MAN. We meet then? Where? On the earth?—



*Scene IV.*

MANFRED.

115

Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded  
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

(*Scene closes.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.



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ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

MAN. What is the hour?

HER. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight,

MAN. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower,
As I directed?

HER. All: my lord, are ready;
Here is the key and casket.

MAN. It is well:
Thou mayst retire. [Exit HERMAN.

MAN. (*alone*) There is a calm upon me —
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the mottliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once:
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down,
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

ABBOT. Peace be with Count Manfred,

MAN. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these
walls!

Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

ABBOT. Would it were so, Count! —
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

MAN. Herman, retire. What would my reverend
guest?

ABBOT. Thus, without prelude: — Age and zeal,
my office,
And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries; may he who bears it now,
Transmit it unimpair'd!

MAN.

Proceed, — I listen.

ABBOT. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with
the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

MAN. And what are they who do avouch these
things?

ABBOT. My pious brethren — the scared
peasantry —
Even thy own vassals — who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

MAN. Take it!

ABBOT. I come to save, and not destroy —
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church
to heaven!

MAN. I hear thee. This is my reply; whate'er I may have been, or am, doth rest between Heaven and myself. — I shall not choose a mortal To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

ABBOT. My son! I did not speak of punishment, But penitence and pardon; — with thyself The choise of such remains — and for the last, Our institutions and our strong belief Have given me power to smoothe the path from sin To higher hope and better thoughts; the first I leave to heaven — “Vengeance is mine alone!” So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness His servant echoes back the awful word.

MAN. Old man! there is no power in holy men, Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form Of penitence — nor outward look — nor fast — Nor agony — nor, greater than all these, The innate tortures of that deep despair, Which is remorse without the fear of hell, But all in all sufficient to itself Would make a hell of heaven — can exorcise From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge Upon itself; there is no future pang

Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

ABBOT. All this is well;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place,
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity. — Say on —
And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;
And all we can absolve thee, shall be pardon'd.

MAN. When Rome's sixth Emperor was near
his last,
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the torments of a public death
From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
With show of loyal pity, would have staunch'd
The gushing throat with his officious robe;
The dying Roman thrust him back and said —
Some empire still in his expiring glance,
"It is too late — is this fidelity?"

ABBOT. And what of this?

MAN. I answer with the Roman —
«It is too late!»

ABBOT. It never can be so,
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no
hope?
'Tis strange — even those who do despair above,
Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth,
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning
men.

MAN. Ay — father! I have had those earthly
visions
And noble aspirations in my youth,
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
I knew not whither — it might be to fall;
But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,
(Which casts up misty columns that become
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)
Lies low but mighty still. — But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT.

And wherefore so?

MAN. I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway — and soothe —
and sue —

And watch all time — and pry into all place —
And be a living lie — who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
The mass are; I disdained to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader — and of wolves.
The lion is alone, and so am I.

ABBOT. And why not live and act with other
men?

MAN. Because my nature was averse from life;
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation: — like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly; such hath been
The course of my existence; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

ABBOT.

Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would —

MAN.

Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and died ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure — some of study —
Some worn with toil — some of mere weariness —
Some of disease — and some insanity —
And some of withered, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for even of all these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

ABBOT. Yet, hear me still —

MAN.

Old man! I do respect

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

he

Mix'd, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive: he will perish,
And yet he must not; I will try once more,
For such are worth redemption; and my duty
Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him — but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

HER. My Lord, you bade me wait on you at
sunset:

He sinks behind the mountain.

MAN.

Doth he so?

I will look on him.

[MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall.

Glorious Orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons⁴
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return. —
Most glorious Orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!

SCENE III.

The Mountains. — The Castle of Manfred at some distance. — A Terrace before a Tower. — Time. Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of
MANFRED.

HER. 'Tis strange enough : night after night,
for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it, —
So have we all been oft-times; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter; I would give
The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

MANUEL. 'Twere dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou knowest already.

HER. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And could'st say much; thou hast dwelt within
the castle —
How many years is't?

MANUEL. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

HER. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?

MANUEL. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits:
Count Sigismund was proud, — but gay and
free, —
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

HER. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

MANUEL. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman.

HER. Come, be friendly;
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happened hereabouts, by this same tower.

MANUEL. That was a night indeed; I do
remember.

'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening, — yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then, —
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower, —
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings — her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love, —
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The lady Astarte, his —

Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT. Where is your master?

HER. Yonder, in the tower.

ABBOT. I must speak with him.

MANUEL. 'Tis impossible;
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

ABBOT. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be —
But I must see him.

HER. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

ABBOT. Hermann! I command thee,
Knock, and apprize the Count of my approach!

HER. We dare not.

ABBOT. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

MANUEL. Reverend father, stop —
I pray you pause.

ABBOT. Why so?

MANUEL. But step this way
And I will tell you further.

[*Exunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED *alone.*

MAN. The stars are forth, the moon above
the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a night

I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out Caesars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot — where the Caesars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd batt-
lements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurels place of growth; —
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Caesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
And thou didst thine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;

Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. —

'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT. My good Lord!
I crave a second grace for this approach;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness — all it hath of ill
Recoils on me; its good in the effect
May light upon your head — could I say *heart* —
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered;
But is not yet all lost.

MAN. Thou know'st me not;
My days are numbered, and my deeds recorded:
Retire, or 'twill be dangerous — Away!

ABBOT. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

MAN. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

ABBOT. What dost mean?

MAN. Look there!
What dost thou see?

ABBOT. Nothing.

MAN. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly; — now tell me what thou seest?

ABBOT. That which should shake me, — but
I fear it not —

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds; he stands between
Thyself and me — but I do fear him not.

MAN. Thou hast no cause — he shall not harm
thee — but
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee — Retire!

ABBOT. And I reply —
Never — till I have battled with this fiend —
What doth he here?

MAN. Why — ay — what doth he here?
I did not send for him, — he is unbidden.

ABBOT. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests
like these
Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake;
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell —
Avaunt! —

MAN. Pronounce — what is thy mission?

SPIRIT. Come!

ABBOT. What art thou, unknown being? answer! — speak!

SPIRIT. The genius of this mortal. — Come!
'tis time.

MAN. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee
here?

SPIRIT. Thou'lt know anon — Come! come!

MAN. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

SPIRIT. Mortal! thine hour is come — Away!
I say.

MAN. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived — alone.

SPIRIT. Then I must summon up my brethren. —
Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*]

ABBOT. Avaunt! ye evil ones! Avaunt! I say, —
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name —

SPIRIT. Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
I were in vain; this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him — Away! away!

MAN. I do defy ye, — though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye — earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

SPIRIT. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal? — Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

MAN. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour, — *that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science — penance — daring —
And length of watching — strength of mind — and
skill
In knowledge of our fathers — when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand

Upon my strength — I do defy — deny —
Spurn back, and scorn ye!

SPIRIT. But thy many crimes
Have made thee —

MAN. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals? — Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts —
Is its own origin of ill and end —
And its own place and time — its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not
tempt me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey —
But was my own destroyer; and will be
My own hereafter. — Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me — but not yours!

[*The Demons dissappear.*

ABBOT. Alas! how pale thou art — thy lips are
white —

And thy breast heaves — and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle — Give thy prayers to heaven —
Pray — albeit but in thought, — but die not thus.

MAN. 'Tis over — my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well —
Give me thy hand!

ABBOT. Cold — cold — even to the heart —
But yet one prayer — alas! how fares it with
thee? —

MAN. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.
[MANFRED expires.]

ABBOT. He's gone — his soul hath ta'en its
earthless flight —
Whither? I dread to think — but he is gone.

N O T E S.

Note 1, page 90, line 1.

*— the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven.*

This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rain bow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it: — this effect lasts till noon.

Note 2, page 94, line 14.

*He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara.*

The philosopher Iamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by Eunapius. It is well told.

Note 3, page 99, line 16.

——*she replied*

In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.

The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta, (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedemonians) and Cleonice is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the Sophist, in his description of Greece.

Note 4, page 126, line 8.

——*the giant sons*

Of the embrace of angels.

“That the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair etc.”

“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.”

Genesis, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

At Ferrara (in the library) are preserved the original
MSS. of Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata* and of Guarini's *Pastor
Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Tasso to Aristotle,
and the original and copy of the tomb and the house of
LAMENT OF TASSO.

cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna
attracted a more fixed attention than the residence or the
mansion of Aristotle -- at least it had this effect on
me. There are two inscriptions, one on the wall and
the second over the bell-tower, inscribed, unfortunately,
the younger and the indignation of the sculptor. Tasso
is much beloved, and deplored; the castle still exists
entire, and I saw the court where Tasso and his
were beheaded, according to the annals of Gubbio.
Parched the bones of the dead and the shade
of the departed in the tomb and the guillotine
works through the shadows of the tomb and the
With a case of his own and a
And here, as once, Capri's display
Stands smiling through the never-opened gate

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At Ferrara (in the library) are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's Gierusalemme and of Guarini's Pastor Fido, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto; and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto — at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.


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THE  
LAMENT OF TASSO.

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I.

LONG years! — It tries the thrilling frame to bear  
 And eagle-spirit of a Child of Song —  
 Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;  
 Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,  
 And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
 When the impatient thirst of light and air  
 Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,  
 Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,  
 Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain  
 With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;  
 And bare, at once, Captivity displayed  
 Stands scoffing through the never-opened gate;

VI.

K



Which nothing through its bars admits, save day  
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;  
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,  
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave  
Which is my lair, and — it may be — my grave.  
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,  
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;  
For I have battled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;  
And revelled among men and things divine,  
And poured my spirit over Palestine,  
In honour of the sacred war for him,  
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,  
For he hath strengthened me in heart and limb.  
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,  
I have employed my penance to record  
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

## II.

But this is o'er — my pleasant task is done: —  
My long-sustaining friend of many years!  
If I do blot thy final page with tears,  
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.



But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!  
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,  
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,  
Thou too art gone — and so is my delight:  
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed  
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.  
Thou too art ended — what is left me now?  
For I have anguish yet to bear — and how?  
I know not that — but in the innate force  
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.  
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,  
Nor cause for such: they called me mad — and  
why?

Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?  
I was indeed delirious in my heart  
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;  
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;  
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment  
Not less because I suffer it unbent.  
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,  
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;  
But let them go, or torture as they will,  
My heart can multiply thine image still;  
Successful love may sate itself away,  
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate  
To have all feeling save the one decay,  
And every passion into one dilate;



As rapid rivers into ocean pour;  
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

## III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry  
Of minds and bodies in captivity.  
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,  
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!  
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,  
Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured mind,  
And dim the little light that's left behind  
With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:  
With these and with their victims am I classed,  
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years  
have passed;  
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may  
close;  
So let it be — for then I shall repose.

## IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;  
I had forgotten half I would forget,  
But it revives — oh! would it were my lot,  
To be forgetful as I am forgot! —



Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell  
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?  
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,  
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;  
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,  
And each is tortured in his separate hell —  
For we are crowded in our solitudes —  
Many, but each divided by the wall,  
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods; —  
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's  
call —  
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,  
Who was not made to be the mate of these,  
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.  
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?  
Who have debased me in the minds of men,  
Debarring me the usage of my own,  
Blighting my life in best of its career,  
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?  
Would I not pay them back those pangs again,  
And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan?  
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,  
Which undermines our Stoical success?  
No! — still too proud to be vindictive — I  
Have pardoned princes' insults, and would die.  
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake  
I weep all bitterness from out my breast,



It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;  
Thy brother hates — but I can not detest;  
Thou pitiest not — but I can not forsake.

## V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,  
But all unquenched is still my better part,  
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart  
As dwells the gathered lightning in its cloud,  
Encompassed with its dark and rolling shroud,  
Till struck, — forth flies the all-etherial dart!  
And thus at the collision of thy name  
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,  
And for a moment all things as they were  
Flit by me; — they are gone — I am the same.  
And yet my love without ambition grew;  
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew  
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;  
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was  
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;  
And if my eyes revealed it, they, alas!  
Were punished by the silentness of thine,  
And yet I did not venture to repine.  
Thou wert to me a crystall-girded shrine,  
Worshipped at holy distance, and around  
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly ground;



Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love  
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed  
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed —  
Oh! not dismayed — but awed, like One above;  
And in that sweet severity there was  
A something which all softness did surpass —  
I know not how — thy genius mastered mine —  
My star stood still before thee: — if it were  
Presumptuous thus to love without design,  
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;  
But thou art dearest still, and I should be  
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for *thee*.  
The very love which locked me to my chain  
Hath lightened half its weight; and for the rest,  
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,  
And look to thee with undivided breast,  
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

## VI.

It is no marvel — from my very birth  
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade  
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;  
Of objects all inanimate I made  
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,  
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,  
Where I did lay me down within the shade



Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,  
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise  
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said  
Of such materials wretched men were made,  
And such a truant boy would end in woe,  
And that the only lesson was a blow;  
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,  
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt  
Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again  
The visions which arise without a sleep.  
And with my years my soul began to pant  
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;  
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,  
But undefined and wandering, till the day  
I found the thing I sought — and that was thee;  
And then I lost my being all to be  
Absorbed in thine — the world was past away —  
*Thou* didst annihilate the earth to me!

## VII.

I loved all solitude — but little thought  
To spend I know not what of life, remote  
From all communion with existence, save  
The maniac and his tyrant; had I been  
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen  
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,



But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?  
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more  
Than the wrecked sailor on his desert shore;  
The world is all before him — *mine is here*,  
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.  
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye  
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky —  
I will not raise my own in such reproof,  
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

## VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,  
But with a sense of its decay: — I see  
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,  
And a strange demon, who is vexing me  
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below  
The feeling of the healthful and the free;  
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,  
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,  
And all that may be borne, or can debase.  
I thought mine enemies had been but man,  
But spirits may be leagued with them — all Earth  
Abandons — Heaven forgets me; — in the dearth  
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,  
It may be, tempt me further, and prevail  
Against the outworn creature they assail.



Why in this furnace is my spirit proved  
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?  
Because I loved what not to love, and see,  
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

## IX.

I oncé was quick in feeling — that is o'er; —  
My scars are callous, or I should have dashed  
My brain against these bars as the sun flashed  
In mockery through them; — if I bear and bore  
The much I have recounted, and the more  
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die  
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie  
Which snared me here, and with the brand of  
shame

Stamp madness deep into my memory,  
And woo compassion to a blighted name,  
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.  
No — it shall be immortal! — and I make  
A future temple of my present cell,  
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.  
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell  
The ducall chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,  
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,  
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,  
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,



While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!  
And thou! Léonora! thou — who wert ashamed  
That such as I could love — who blushed to hear  
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,  
Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed  
By grief, years, weariness — and it may be  
A taint of that he would impute to me —  
From long infection of a den like this,  
Where the mind roots congenial with the abyss,  
Adores thee still; — and add — that when the  
towers

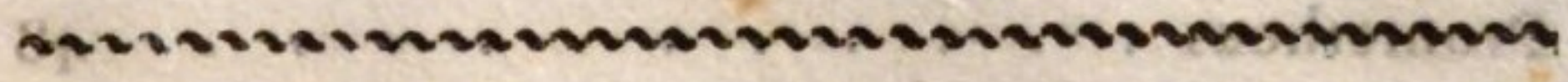
And battlements which guard his joyous hours  
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,  
Or left untended in a dull repose,  
This — this shall be a consecrated spot!  
But Thou — when all that Birth and Beauty  
throws

Of magic round thee is extinct — shalt have  
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.  
No power in death can tear our names apart,  
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.  
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate  
To be entwined for ever — but too late!







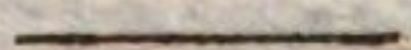


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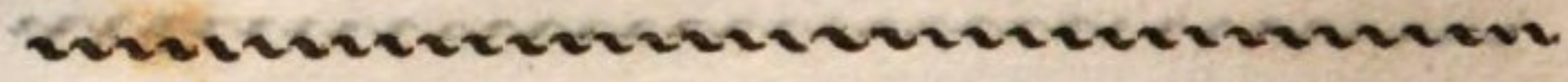
*The correction of the press of Lord Byron's  
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*Heidelberg.*

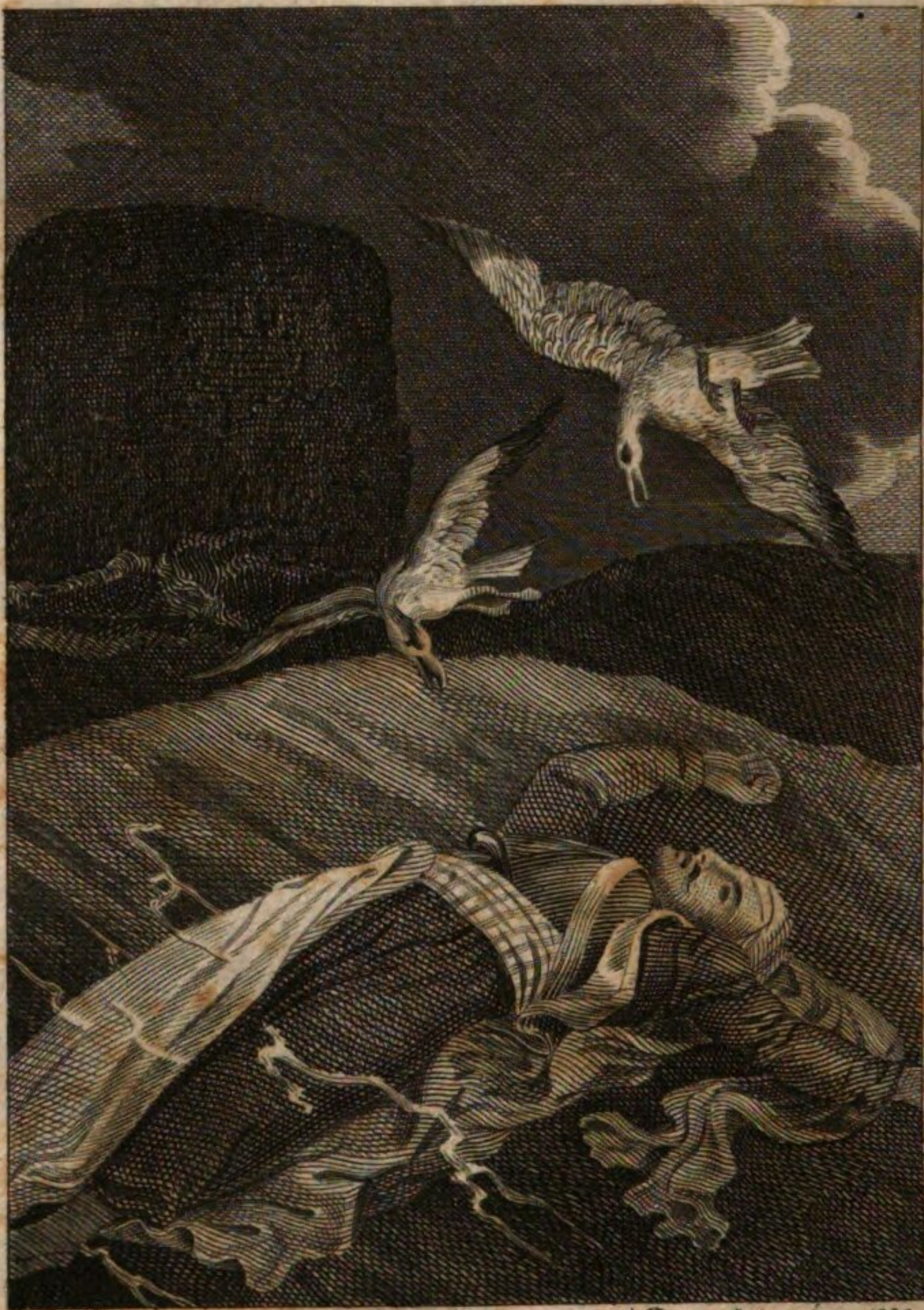
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F. Rosmäsler jun 1820.

*Bride of Abydos.*



**E X T R A C T**  
**OF A**  
**LETTER TO THE EDITOR.**







~~~~~

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GENEVA.

«I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau — here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the

VIII *Extract of a Letter from Geneva.*

visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Stael: perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alledging the existence of an Abeilard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw, and others mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house, built by Diodati, the friend of Milton,

which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who — if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before — will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of Childe Harold will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakspeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and inform-

X *Extract of a Letter from Geneva.*

ed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and I imagine, that it must have been hence he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed! — and such a change;
Oh, night!

And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous
strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wer't not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy far and fierce delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of me!
How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain
mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth,

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way
between

Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted
In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, tho' broken
hearted;

Tho' in their souls which thus each other
thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage

XII *Extract of a Letter from Geneva.*

Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
departed —

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winter — war within themselves
to wage.

I went down to the little port, if I may use
the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay,
and conversed with the cottager, who had the
care of it. You may smile, but I have my
pleasure in thus helping my personification of
the individual I admire, by attaining to the
knowledge of those circumstances which were
daily around him. I have made numerous en-
quiries in the town concerning him, but can
learn nothing. He only went into society there
once, when M. Pictet took him to the house
of a lady to spend the evening. They say he
is a very singular man, and seem to think him
very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate,
that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to
dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving
a gentleman who travelled with him to receive

them and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D— H—, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having been avoided by his countrymen on the continent. The case happens to be directly the reverse, as he has been generally sought by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon paying his first visit at Coppet, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time — such is female curiosity.

XIV *Extract of a Letter from Geneva.*

and affectation! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted with the *agrémens de la Société*, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends, about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long

acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity.

Among other particulars mentioned, was the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelly, two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, entitled *Phantasmagoriana*, began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination

XVI *Extract of a Letter from Geneva.*

having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord B., the physician, and one of the ladies before mentioned. I obtained the outline of each of these stories as a great favour, and herewith forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the *ebauches* of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence."

THE VAMPIRE.

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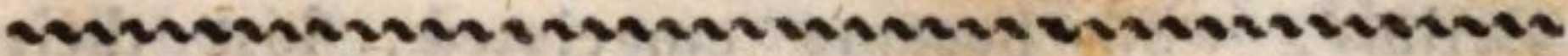
THE VAMPIRE

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THE VAMPIRE

THE VAMPIRE



INTRODUCTION.

THE superstition upon which this tale is founded is very general in the East. Among the Arabians it appears to be common: it did not, however, extend itself to the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity; and it has only assumed its present form since the division of the Latin and Greek churches; at which time, the idea becoming prevalent, that a Latin body could not corrupt if buried in their territory, it gradually increased, and formed the subject of many wonderful stories, still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. In the West it spread, with some slight variation, all over Hungary, Poland, Austria, and Lorraine, where the belief existed, that vampyres nightly imbibed a certain portion of the blood of their

victims, who became emaciated, lost their strength, and speedily died of consumptions; whilst these human blood-suckers fattened — and their veins became distended to such a state of repletion, as to cause the blood to flow from all the passages of their bodies, and even from the very pores of their skins.

In the London Journal, of March, 1732, is a curious, and, of course, *credible* account of a particular case of vampyrism, which is stated to have occurred at Madreyga, in Hungary. It appears, that upon an examination of the commander-in-chief and magistrates of the place, they positively and unanimously affirmed, that, about five years before, a certain Heyduke, named Arnold Paul, had been heard to say, that, at Cassovia, on the frontiers of the Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a vampyre, but had found a way to rid himself of the evil, by eating some of the earth out of the vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution, however, did not prevent him from becoming a vampyre*) himself; for, about twenty or thirty days after his death

*) The universal belief is, that a person sucked by a vampyre becomes a vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.

and burial, many persons complained of having been tormented by him, and a deposition was made, that four persons had been deprived of life by his attacks. To prevent further mischief, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadagni,* took up the body, and found it (as is supposed to be usual in cases of vampyrism) fresh, and entirely free from corruption, and emitting at the mouth, nose, and ears, pure and florid blood. Proof having been thus obtained, they resorted to the accustomed remedy. A stake was driven entirely through the heart and body of Arnold Paul, at which he is reported to have cried out as dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burned his body, and threw the ashes into his grave. The same measures were adopted with the corse of those persons who had previously died from vampyrism, lest they should, in their turn, become agents upon others who survived them.

This monstrous rodомontade is here related, because it seems better adapted to illustrate the subject of the present observations than any other instance which could be adduced. In many parts of Greece it is considered as a sort of punishment after death, for some heinous crime

* Chief bailiff.

committed whilst in existence, that the deceased is not only doomed to vampyrise, but compelled to confine his infernal visitations solely to those beings he loved most while upon earth — those to whom he was bound by ties of kindred and affection. — A supposition alluded to in the «Giaour.»

But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt the native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy *daughter, sister, wife,*
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse,
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire;
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for *thy crime* must fall,
The youngest, best beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name —
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet thou must end thy task and mark
Her cheek's last tinge — her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shall tear

The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which, in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn —
But now is borne away by thee
Memorial of thine agony!
Yet with thine own best blood shall drip;
Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go — and with Gouls and Afrits rave,
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they.

Mr. Southey has also introduced in his wild but beautiful poem of "Thalaba," the vampyre corse of the Arabian maid Oneiza, who is represented as having returned from the grave for the purpose of tormenting him she best loved whilst in existence. But this cannot be supposed to have resulted from the sinfulness of her life, she being pourtrayed throughout the whole of the tale as a complete type of purity and innocence. The veracious Tournefort gives a long account in his travels of several astonishing cases of vampyrism, to which he pretends to have been an eyewitness; and Calmet, in his great work upon this subject, besides a variety of anecdotes, and traditionary narratives illustrative of its effects, has put forth some learned dis-

sertations, tending to prove it to be a classical, as well as barbarian error.

Many curious and interesting notices on this singularly horrible superstition might be added; though the present may suffice for the limits of a note, necessarily devoted to explanation, and which may now be concluded by merely remarking, that though the term Vampyre is the one in most general acceptation, there are several others synonymous with it, made use of in various parts of the world: as Vroucolocha, Vardoulacha, Goul, Broucoloka, etc.

THE VAMPYRE.

It happened that in the midst of the dissipation attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the *ton* a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be

invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of *ennui*, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection: Lady Mercer, who had been the mockery of every monster shewn in drawing-rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank, to attract his notice: — though in vain: — when she stood before him, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were unperceived; — even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left the field. But though the common adulteress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him: yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue; and whether it was

that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

About the same time, there came to London a young gentleman of the name of Aubrey: he was an orphan left with an only sister in the possession of great wealth, by parents who died while he was yet in childhood. Left also to himself by guardians, who thought it their duty merely to take care of his fortune, while they relinquished the more important charge of his mind to the care of mercenary subalterns, he cultivated more his imagination than his judgment. He had, hence, that high romantic feeling of honour and candour, which daily ruins so many milliners' apprentices. He believed all to sympathise with virtue, and thought that vice was thrown in by Providence merely for the picturesque effect of the scene, as we see in romances: he thought that the misery of a cottage merely consisted in the vesting of clothes, which were as warm, but which were better adapted to the painter's eye by their irregular folds and various coloured patches. He thought, in fine, that the dreams of poets were the realities of life. He was handsome, frank, and

rich: for these reasons, upon his entering into the gay circles, many mothers surrounded him, striving which should describe with least truth their languishing or romping favourites: the daughters at the same time, by their brightening countenances when he approached, and by their sparkling eyes, when he opened his lips, soon led him into false notions of his talents and his merit. Attached as he was to the romance of his solitary hours, he was startled at finding, that, except in the tallow and wax candles that flickered, not from the presence of a ghost, but from want of snuffing, there was no foundation in real life for any of that congeries of pleasing pictures and descriptions contained in those volumes, from which he had formed his study. Finding, however, some compensation in his gratified vanity, he was about to relinquish his dreams, when the extraordinary being we have above described, crossed him in his career.

He watched him; and the very impossibility of forming an idea of the character of a man entirely absorbed in himself, who gave few other signs of his observation of external objects, than the tacit assent to their existence, implied by the avoidance of their contact: allowing his imagination to picture every thing that flattered its propensity to extravagant ideas, he soon form-

ed this object into the hero of a romance, and determined to observe the offspring of his fancy, rather than the person before him. He became acquainted with him, paid him attentions, and so far advanced upon his notice, that his presence was always recognised. He gradually learnt that Lord Ruthven's affairs were embarrassed, and soon found, from the notes of preparation in — — Street, that he was about to travel. Desirous of gaining some information respecting this singular character, who, till now, had only whetted his curiosity, he hinted to his guardians, that it was time for him to perform the tour, which for many generations has been thought necessary to enable the young to take some rapid steps in the career of vice towards putting themselves upon an equality with the aged, and not allowing them to appear as if fallen from the skies, whenever scandalous intrigues are mentioned as the subjects of pleasantries or of praise, according to the degree of skill shewn in carrying them on. They consented: and Aubrey immediately mentioning his intentions to Lord Ruthven, was surprised to receive from him a proposal to join him. Flattered by such a mark of esteem from him, who, apparently, had nothing in common with other men, he gladly accepted it, and in a few days they had passed the circling waters.

Hitherto, Aubrey had had no opportunity of studying Lord Ruthven's character, and now he found, that, though many more of his actions were exposed to his view, the results offered different conclusions from the apparent motives to his conduct. His companion was profuse in his liberality; — the idle, the vagabond, and the beggar, received from his hand more than enough to relieve their immediate wants. But Aubrey could not avoid remarking, that it was not upon the virtuous, reduced to indigence by the misfortunes attendant even upon virtue, that he bestowed his alms; — these were sent from the door with hardly suppressed sneers; but when the profligate came to ask something, not to relieve his wants, but to allow him to wallow in his lust, or to sink him still deeper in his iniquity, he was sent away with rich charity. This was, however, attributed by him to the greater importunity of the vicious, which generally prevails over the retiring bashfulness of the virtuous indigent. There was one circumstance about the charity of his Lordship, which was still more impressed upon his mind: all those upon whom it was bestowed, inevitably found that there was a curse upon it, for they were all either led to the scaffold, or sunk to the lowest and the most abject misery. At Brussels and other towns through which they

passed, Aubrey was surprized at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice; there he entered into all the spirit of the faro table: he betted, and always gambled with success, except where the known sharper was his antagonist, and then he lost even more than he gained; but it was always with the same unchanging face, with which he generally watched the society around: it was not, however, so when he encountered the rash youthful novice, or the luckless father of a numerous family; then his very wish seemed fortune's law — this apparent abstractedness of mind was laid aside, and his eyes sparkled with more fire than that of the cat whilst dallying with the half-dead mouse. In every town, he left the formerly affluent youth, torn from the circle he adorned, cursing, in the solitude of a dungeon, the fate that had drawn him within the reach of this fiend; whilst many a father sat frantic, amidst the speaking looks of mute hungry children, without a single farthing of his late immense wealth, wherewith to buy even sufficient to satisfy their present craving. Yet he took no money from the gambling table; but immediately lost, to the ruiner of many, the last gilder he had just snatched from the convulsive grasp of the innocent: this might but be the result of a certain degree of

knowledge, which was not, however, capable of combating the cunning of the more experienced. Aubrey often wished to represent this to his friend, and beg him to resign that charity and pleasure which proved the ruin of all, and did not tend to his own profit; — but he delayed it — for each day he hoped his friend would give him some opportunity of speaking frankly and openly to him; however, this never occurred. Lord Ruthven in his carriage, and amidst the various wild and rich scenes of nature, was always the same: his eye spoke less than his lip; and though Aubrey was near the object of his curiosity, he obtained no greater gratification from it than the constant excitement of vainly wishing to break that mystery, which to his exalted imagination began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.

They soon arrived at Rome, and Aubrey for a time lost sight of his companion; he left him in daily attendance upon the morning circle of an Italian countess, whilst he went in search of the memorials of another almost deserted city. Whilst he was thus engaged, letters arrived from England, which he opened with eager impatience; the first was from his sister, breathing nothing but affection; the others were from his guardians, the latter astonished him; if it had before entered into his imagination that there

was an evil power resident in his companion, these seemed to give him most sufficient reason for the belief. His guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious habits more dangerous to society. It had been discovered, that his contempt for the adultress had not originated in hatred of her character; but that he had required, to enhance his gratification, that his victim; the partner of his guilt, should be hurled from the pinnacle of unsullied virtue, down to the lowest abyss of infamy and degradation: in fine, that all those females whom he had sought, apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and has not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.

Aubrey determined upon leaving one, whose character had not yet shown a single bright point on which to rest the eye. He resolved to invent some plausible pretext for abandoning him altogether, purposing, in the mean while, to watch him more closely, and to let no slight circumstances pass by unnoticed. He entered into the same circle, and soon perceived, that his Lordship was endeavouring to work upon the inexperi-

ence of the daughter of the lady whose house he chiefly frequented. In Italy, it is seldom that an unmarried female is met with in society; he was therefore obliged to carry on his plans in secret; but Aubrey's eye followed him in all his windings, and soon discovered that an assignation had been appointed, which would most likely end in the ruin of an innocent, though thoughtless girl. Losing no time, he entered the apartment of Lord Ruthven, and abruptly asked him his intentions with respect to the lady, informing him at the same time that he was aware of his being about to meet her that very night. Lord Ruthven answered, that his intentions were such as he supposed all would have upon such an occasion; and upon being pressed whether he intended to marry her, merely laughed. Aubrey retired; and, immediately writing a note, to say, that from that moment he must decline accompanying his Lordship in the remainder of their proposed tour, he ordered his servant to seek other apartments, and calling upon the mother of the lady, informed her of all he knew, not only with regard to her daughter, but also concerning the character of his Lordship. The assignation was prevented. Lord Ruthven next day merely sent his servant to notify his complete assent to a separation;

but did not hint any suspicion of his plans having been foiled by Aubrey's interposition.

Having left Rome, Aubrey directed his steps towards Greece, and crossing the Peninsula, soon found himself at Athens. He then fixed his residence in the house of a Greek; and soon occupied himself in tracing the faded records of ancient glory upon monuments that apparently, ashamed of chronicling the deeds of freemen only before slaves, had hidden themselves beneath the sheltering oil or many coloured lichen. Under the same roof as himself, existed a being, so beautiful and delicate, that she might have formed the model for a painter, wishing to pourtray on canvass the promised hope of the faithful in Mahomet's paradise, save that her eyes spoke too much mind for any one to think she could belong to those who had no souls. As she danced upon the plain, or tripped along the mountain's side, one would have thought the gazelle a poor type of her beauties; for who would have exchanged her eye, apparently the eye of animated nature, for that sleepy luxurious look of the animal suited but to the taste of an epicure. The light step of Ianthe often accompanied Aubrey in his search after antiquities, and often would the unconscious girl, engaged in the pursuit of a Kashmere butterfly, show the whole beauty of her form,

floating as it were upon the wind, to the eager gaze of him, who forgot the letters he had just decyphered upon an almost effaced tablet, in the contemplation of her sylph-like figure. Often would her tresses falling, as she flitted around, exhibit in the sun's ray such delicately brilliant and swiftly fading hues, as might well excuse the forgetfulness of the antiquary, who let escape from his mind the very object he had before thought of vital importance to the proper interpretation of a passage in Pausanias. But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate? — It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing-rooms and stifling balls. Whils he drew those remains of which he wished to preserve a memorial for his future hours, she would stand by, and watch the magic effects of his pencil, in tracing the scenes of her native place; she would then describe to him the circling dance upon the open plain, would paint to him in all the glowing colours of youthful memory, the marriage pomp she remembered viewing in her infancy; and then, turning to subjects that had evidently made a greater impression upon her mind, would tell him all the supernatural tales of her nurse. Her earnestness and apparent belief of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey; and often as she told him the

tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend's appetite; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him to believe her, for it had been remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heart-breaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he wondered at the many coincidences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe; her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance,

won his heart; and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same frank infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance; but it was because she had no longer any one with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek

would ever remain, after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror. When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse, and earnestly begged of him to return, ere nigh allowed the power of these beings to be put in action; — he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research, that he did not perceive that day-light would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks which, in the warmer climates, so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass, and pour all their rage upon the devoted country. — He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay: but it was too late.

Twilight, in these southern climates, is almost unknown; immediately the sun sets, night begins: and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above — its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest — its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopied foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled, exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound; — he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he, with a sudden effort, forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness: the sound, however, guided him. He was apparently unperceived; for, though he called, still the sounds continued, and no

notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized; when a voice cried, "Again baffled!" to which a loud laugh succeeded; and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman: determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled; but it was in vain: he was lifted from his feet and hurled with enormous force against the ground: — his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat — when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him; — he instantly rose, and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing of the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard. The storm was now still; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without. They entered; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries; he was again left in darkness; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corse. He shut his eyes, hoping

that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there: — upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein: — to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, “A Vampyre! Vampyre!” A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were — his mind was benumbed and seemed to shun reflection, and take refuge in vacancy — he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which had been found in the hut. They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the search of her whom a mother had missed. Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe — To describe their grief would be impossible; but when they ascertained the cause of their child’s death, they looked at Aubrey, and pointed to the corse.

They were inconsolable; both died broken-hearted.

Aubrey being put to bed was seized with a most violent fever, and was often delirious; in these intervals he would call upon Lord Ruthven and upon Ianthe — by some unaccountable combination he seemed to beg of his former companion to spare the being he loved. At other times he would imprecate maledictions upon his head, and curse him as her destroyer. Lord Ruthven chanced at this time to arrive at Athens, and, from whatever motive, upon hearing of the state of Aubrey, immediately placed himself in the same house, and became his constant attendant. When the latter recovered from his delirium, he was horrified and startled at the sight of him whose image he had now combined with that of a Vampyre; but Lord Ruthven, by his kind words, implying almost repentance for the fault that had caused their separation, and still more by the attention, anxiety, and care which he showed, soon reconciled him to his presence. His lordship seemed quite changed; he no longer appeared that apathetic being who had so astonished Aubrey; but as soon as his convalescence began to be rapid, he again gradually retired into the same state of mind, and Aubrey perceived no difference from the former man, except that at times he

was surprised to meet his gaze fixed intently upon him, with a smile of malicious exultation playing upon his lips: he knew not why, but this smile haunted him. During the last stage of the invalid's recovery, Lord Ruthven was apparently engaged in watching the tideless waves raised by the cooling breeze, or in marking the progress of those orbs, circling, like our world, the moveless sun; — indeed, he appeared to wish to avoid the eyes of all.

Aubrey's mind, by this shock, was much weakened, and that elasticity of spirit which had once so distinguished him now seemed to have fled for ever. He was now as much a lover of solitude and silence as Lord Ruthven; but much as he wished for solitude, his mind could not find it in the neighbourhood of Athens; if he sought it amidst the ruins he had formerly frequented, Ianthe's form stood by his side — if he sought it in the woods, her light step would appear wandering amidst the underwood, in quest of the modest violet; then suddenly turning round, would show, to his wild imagination, her pale face and wounded throat, with a meek smile upon her lips. He determined to fly scenes, every feature of which created such bitter associations in his mind. He proposed to Lord Ruthven, to whom he held himself bound by the tender care he had taken of

him during his illness, that they should visit those parts of Greece neither had yet seen. They travelled in every direction, and sought every spot to which a recollection could be attached: but though they thus hastened from place to place, yet they seemed not to heed what they gazed upon. They heard much of robbers, but they gradually began to slight these reports, which they imagined were only the invention of individuals, whose interest it was to excite the generosity of those whom they defended from pretended dangers. In consequence of thus neglecting the advice of the inhabitants, on one occasion they travelled with only a few guards, more to serve as guides than as a defence. Upon entering, however, a narrow defile, at the bottom of which was the bed of a torrent, with large masses of rock brought down from the neighbouring precipices, they had reason to repent their negligence; for scarcely were the whole of the party engaged in the narrow pass, when they were startled by the whistling of bullets close to their heads, and by the echoed report of several guns. In an instant their guards had left them, and, placing themselves behind rocks, had begun to fire in the direction whence the report came. Lord Ruthven and Aubrey, imitating their example, retired for a moment behind the shelter-

ing turn of the defile: but ashamed of being thus detained by a foe, who with insulting shouts bade them advance, and being exposed to unresisting slaughter, if any of the robbers should climb above and take them in the rear, they determined at once to rush forward in search of the enemy. Hardly had they lost the shelter of the rock, when Lord Ruthven received a shot in the shoulder, which brought him to the ground. Aubrey hastened to his assistance; and, no longer heeding the contest or his own peril, was soon surprised by seeing the robbers' faces around him — his guards having, upon Lord Ruthven's being wounded, immediately thrown up their arms and surrendered.

By promises of great reward, Aubrey soon induced them to convey his wounded friend to a neighbouring cabin; and having agreed upon a ransom, he was no more disturbed by their presence — they being content merely to guard the entrance till their comrade should return with the promised sum, for which he had an order. Lord Ruthven's strength rapidly decreased; in two days mortification ensued, and death seemed advancing with hasty steps. His conduct and appearance had not changed; he seemed as unconscious of pain as he had been of the objects about him: but towards the close of the last evening, his mind became apparently

uneasy, and his eye often fixed upon Aubrey, who was induced to offer his assistance with more than usual earnestness — — “Assist me! you may save me — you may do more than that — I mean not my life, I heed the death of my existence as little as that of the passing day; but you may save my honour, your friend’s honour.” — “How? tell me how? I would do any thing,” replied Aubrey. — “I need but little — my life ebbs apace — I cannot explain the whole — but if you would conceal all you know of me, my honour were free from stain in the world’s mouth — and if my death were unknown for some time in England — I — I — but life.” — “It shall not be known.” — “Swear!” cried the dying man, raising himself with exultant violence, “Swear by all your soul reveres, by all your nature fears, swear that for a year and a day you will not impart your knowledge of my crimes or death to any living being in any way, whatever may happen, or whatever you may see.” — His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets: “I swear!” said Aubrey; he sunk laughing upon his pillow, and breathed no more.

Aubrey retired to rest, but did not sleep; the many circumstances attending his acquaintance with this man rose upon his mind, and he knew not why; when he remembered his oath a cold shivering came over him, as if from

the presentiment of something horrible awaiting him. Rising early in the morning, he was about to enter the hovel in which he had left the corpse, when a robber met him, and informed him that it was no longer there, having been conveyed by himself and comrades, upon his retiring, to the pinnacle of a neighbouring mount, according to a promise they had given his lordship, that it should be exposed to the first cold ray of the moon that rose after his death. Aubrey astonished, and taking several of the men, determined to go and bury it upon the spot where it lay. But, when he had mounted to the summit he found no trace of either the corpse or the clothes, though the robbers swore they pointed out the identical rock on which they had laid the body. For a time his mind was bewildered in conjectures, but he at last returned, convinced that they had buried the corpse for the sake of the clothes.

Wearied of a country in which he had met with such terrible misfortunes, and in which all apparently conspired to heighten that superstitious melancholy that had seized upon his mind, he resolved to leave it, and soon arrived at Smyrna. While waiting for a vessel to convey him to Otranto, or to Naples, he occupied himself in arranging those effects he had with him belonging to Lord Ruthven. Amongst other

things there was a case containing several weapons of offence, more or less adapted to ensure the death of the victim. There were several daggers and ataghans. Whilst turning them over, and examining their curious forms, what was his surprise at finding a sheath apparently ornamented in the same style as the dagger discovered in the fatal hut — he shuddered — hastening to gain further proof, he found the weapon, and his horror may be imagined when he discovered that it fitted, though peculiarly shaped, the sheath he held in his hand. His eyes seemed to need no further certainty — they seemed gazing to be bound to the dagger; yet still he wished to disbelieve; but the particular form, the same varying tints upon the haft and sheath were alike in splendour on both, and left no room for doubt; there were also drops of blood on each.

He left Smyrna, and on his way home, at Rome, his first inquiries were concerning the lady he had attempted to snatch from Lord Ruthven's seductive arts. Her parents were in distress, their fortune ruined, and she had not been heard of since the departure of his lordship. Aubrey's mind became almost broken under so many repeated horrors; he was afraid that this lady had fallen a victim to the destroyer

of Ianthe. He became morose and silent; and his only occupation consisted in urging the speed of the postillions, as if he were going to save the life of some one he held dear. He arrived at Calais; a breeze, which seemed obedient to his will, soon wafted him to the English shores; and he hastened to the mansion of his fathers, and there, for a moment, appeared to lose, in the embraces and caresses of his sister, all memory of the past. If she before, by her infantine caresses, had gained his affection, now that the woman began to appear, she was still more attaching as a companion.

Miss Aubrey had not that winning grace which gains the gaze and applause of the drawing-room assemblies. There was none of that light brilliancy which only exists in the heated atmosphere of a crowded apartment. Her blue eye was never lit up by the levity of the mind beneath. There was a melancholy charm about it which did not seem to arise from misfortune, but from some feeling within, that appeared to indicate a soul conscious of a brighter realm. Her step was not that light footing, which strays where'er a butterfly or a colour may attract — it was sedate and pensive. When alone, her face was never brightened by the smile of joy; but when her brother breathed to her his affection, and would in her presence forget those

griefs she knew destroyed his rest, who would have exchanged her smile for that of the voluptuary? It seemed as if those eyes, — that face were then playing in the light of their own native sphere. She was yet only eighteen, and had not been presented to the world, it having been thought by her guardians more fit that her presentation should be delayed until her brother's return from the continent, when he might be her protector. It was now, therefore, resolved that the next drawing-room, which was fast approaching, should be the epoch of her entry into the "busy scene." Aubrey would rather have remained in the mansion of his fathers, and fed upon the melancholy which overpowered him. He could not feel interest about the frivolities of fashionable strangers, when his mind had been so torn by the events he had witnessed; but he determined to sacrifice his own comfort to the protection of his sister. They soon arrived in town, and prepared for the next day, which had been announced as a drawing-room.

The crowd was excessive — a drawing-room had not been held for a long time, and all who were anxious to bask in the smile of royalty, hastened thither. Aubrey was there with his sister. While he was standing in a corner by himself, heedless of all around him, engaged

in the remembrance that the first time he had seen Lord Ruthven was in that very place — he felt himself suddenly seized by the arm, and a voice he recognized too well, sounded in his ear — «Remember your oath.» He had hardly courage to turn, fearful of seeing a spectre that would blast him, when he perceived, at a little distance, the same figure which had attracted his notice on this spot upon his first entry into society. He gazed till his limbs almost refusing to bear their weight, he was obliged to take the arm of a friend, and forcing a passage through the crowd, he threw himself into his carriage, and was driven home. He paced the room with hurried steps, and fixed his hands upon his head, as if he were afraid his thoughts were bursting from his brain. Lord Ruthven again before him — circumstances started up in dreadful array — the dagger — his oath. — He roused himself, he could not believe it possible — the dead rise again! — He thought his imagination had conjured up the image his mind was resting upon. It was impossible that it could be real — he determined, therefore, to go again into society; for though he attempted to ask concerning Lord Ruthven, the name hung upon his lips, and he could not succeed in gaining information. He went a few nights after with his sister to the assembly of a near relation. Leaving

her under the protection of a matron, he retired into a recess, and there gave himself up to his own devouring thoughts. Perceiving, at last, that many were leaving, he roused himself, and entering another room, found his sister surrounded by several, apparently in earnest conversation; he attempted to pass and get near her, when one, whom he requested to move, turned round, and revealed to him those features he most abhorred. He sprang forward, seized his sister's arm, and, with hurried step, forced her towards the street: at the door he found himself impeded by the crowd of servants who were waiting for their lords; and while he was engaged in passing them, he again heard that voice whisper close to him — "Remember your oath!" — He did not dare to turn, but, hurrying his sister, soon reached home.

Aubrey became almost distracted. If before his mind had been absorbed by one subject, how much more completely was it engrossed, now that the certainty of the monster's living again pressed upon his thoughts. His sister's attentions were now unheeded, and it was in vain that she intreated him to explain to her what had caused his abrupt conduct. He only uttered a few words, and those terrified her. The more he thought, the more he was bewildered. His oath startled him; — was he then

to allow this monster to roam, bearing ruin upon his breath, amidst all he held dear, and not avert its progress? His very sister might have been touched by him. But even if he were to break his oath, and disclose his suspicions, who would believe him? He thought of employing his own hand to free the world from such a wretch; but death, he remembered, had been already mocked. For days he remained in this state; shut up in his room, he saw no one, and eat only when his sister came, who, with eyes streaming with tears, besought him, for her sake, to support nature. At last, no longer capable of bearing stillness and solitude, he left his house, roamed from street to street, anxious to fly that image which haunted him. His dress became neglected, and he wandered, as often exposed to the noon-day sun as to the midnight damps. He was no longer to be recognized; at first he returned with the evening to the house; but at last he laid him down to rest wherever fatigue overtook him. His sister, anxious for his safety, employed people to follow him; but they were soon distanced by him who fled from a pursuer swifter than any — from thought. His conduct, however, suddenly changed. Struck with the idea that he left by his absence the whole of his friends, with a fiend amongst them, of whose presence they

were unconscious, he determined to enter again into society, and watch him closely, anxious to forewarn, in spite of his oath, all whom Lord Ruthven approached with intimacy. But when he entered into a room, his haggard and suspicious looks were so striking, his inward shudderings so visible, that his sister was at last obliged to beg of him to abstain from seeking, for her sake, a society which affected him so strongly. When, however, remonstrance proved unavailing, the guardians thought proper to interpose, and, fearing that his mind was becoming alienated, they thought it high time to resume again that trust which had been before imposed upon them by Aubrey's parents.

Desirous of saving him from the injuries and sufferings he had daily encountered in his wanderings, and of preventing him from exposing to the general eye those marks of what they considered folly, they engaged a physican to reside in the house, and take constant care of him. He hardly appeared to notice it, so completely was his mind absorbed by one terrible subject. His incoherence became at last so great, that he was confined to his chamber. There he would often live for days, incapable of being roused. He had become emaciated, his eyes had attained a glassy lustre; — the only sign of affection and recollection remaining displayed

itself upon the entry of his sister; then he would sometimes start, and, seizing her hands, with looks that severely afflicted her, he would desire her not to touch him. «Oh, do not touch him — if your love for me is aught, do not go near him!» When, however, she inquired to whom he referred, his only answer was, «True! true!» and again he sank into a state, whence not even she could rouse him. This lasted many months: gradually, however, as the year was passing, his incoherences became less frequent, and his mind threw off a portion of its gloom, whilst his guardians observed, that several times in the day he would count upon his fingers a definite number, and then smile.

The time had nearly elapsed, when, upon the last day of the year, one of his guardians entering his room, began to converse with his physician upon the melancholy circumstance of Aubrey's being in so awful a situation, when his sister was going next day to be married. Instantly Aubrey's attention was attracted; he asked anxiously to whom. Glad of this mark of returning intellect, of which they feared he had been deprived, they mentioned the name of the Earl of Marsden. Thinking this was a young Earl whom he had met with in society, Aubrey seemed pleased, and astonished them still more by his expressing his intention to be

present at the nuptials, and desiring to see his sister. They answered not, but in a few minutes his sister was with him. He was apparently again capable of being affected by the influence of her lovely smile; for he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears, flowing at the thought of her brother's being once more alive to the feelings of affection. He began to speak with all his wonted warmth, and to congratulate her upon her marriage with a person so distinguished for rank and every accomplishment; when he suddenly perceived a locket upon her breast; opening it, what was his surprise at beholding the features of the monster who had so long influenced his life. He seized the portrait in a paroxysm of rage, and trampled it under foot. Upon her asking him why he thus destroyed the resemblance of her future husband, he looked as if he did not understand her — then seizing her hands, and gazing on her with a frantic expression of countenance, he bade her swear that she would never wed this monster, for he — But he could not advance — it seemed as if that voice again bade him remember his oath — he turned suddenly round, thinking Lord Ruthven was near him but saw no one. In the meantime the guardians and physician, who had heard the whole, and thought this was but a return of his disorder, entered, and forcing

him from Miss Aubrey, desired her to leave him. He fell upon his knees to them, he implored, he begged of them to delay but for one day. They, attributing this to the insanity they imagined had taken possession of his mind, endeavoured to pacify him, and retired.

Lord Ruthven had called the morning after the drawing-room, and had been refused with every one else. When he heard of Aubrey's ill health, he readily understood himself to be the cause of it; but when he learned that he was deemed insane, his exultation and pleasure could hardly be concealed from those among whom he had gained this information. He hastened to the house of his former companion, and, by constant attendance, and the pretence of great affection for the brother and interest in his fate, he gradually won the ear of Miss Aubrey. Who could resist his power? His tongue had dangers and toils to recount — could speak of himself as of an individual having no sympathy with any being on the crowded earth, save with her to whom he addressed himself; — could tell how, since he knew her, his existence had begun to seem worthy of preservation, if it were merely that he might listen to her soothing accents; — in fine, he knew so well how to use the serpent's art, or such was the will of fate, that he gained her affections. The title of the elder branch falling at length to him, he ob-

tained an important embassy, which served as an excuse for hastening the marriage, (in spite of her brother's deranged state,) which was to take place the very day before his departure for the continent.

Aubrey, when he was left by the physician and his guardians, attempted to bribe the servants, but in vain. He asked for pen and paper; it was given him; he wrote a letter to his sister, conjuring her, as she valued her own happiness, her own honour, and the honour of those now in the grave, who once held her in their arms as their hope and the hope of their house, to delay but for a few hours that marriage, on which he denounced the most heavy curses. The servants promised they would deliver it; but giving it to the physician, he thought it better not to harass any more the mind of Miss Aubrey by, what he considered, the ravings of a maniac. Night passed on without rest to the busy inmates of the house; and Aubrey heard, with a horror that may more easily be conceived than described, the notes of busy preparation. Morning came, and the sound of carriages broke upon his ear. Aubrey grew almost frantic. The curiosity of the servants at last overcame their vigilance, they gradually stole away, leaving him in the custody of an helpless old woman. He seized the opportunity, with one bound was out of the room.

and in a moment found himself in the apartment where all were nearly assembled. Lord Ruthven was the first to perceive him: he immediately approached, and, taking his arm by force, hurried him from the room, speechless with rage. When on the staircase, Lord Ruthven whispered in his ear — “Remember your oath, and know, if not my bride to day, your sister is dishonoured. Women are frail!” So saying, he pushed him towards his attendants, who, roused by the old woman, had come in search of him. Aubrey could no longer support himself; his rage not finding vent, had broken a blood-vessel, and he was conveyed to bed. This was not mentioned to his sister, who was not present when he entered, as the physician was afraid of agitating her. The marriage was solemnized, and the bride and bridegroom left London.

Aubrey's weakness increased; the effusion of blood produced symptoms of the near approach of death. He desired his sister's guardians might be called, and when the midnight hour had struck, he related composedly what the reader has perused — he died immediately after.

The guardians hastened to protect Miss Aubrey; but when they arrived, it was too late. Lord Ruthven had disappeared, and Aubrey's sister had glutted the thirst of a VAMPYRE!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER,
CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT
OF
LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE
IN THE
ISLAND OF MITYLENE.

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ACCOUNT  
OF  
LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE,  
ETC.

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„The world was all before him, where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide.”

IN sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his Majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this place, and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables always to be had there, induce many British vessels to visit it — both men of war and merchantmen; and though it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna, its bounties amply repay for the deviation of a voyage. We landed, as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in



watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to the cave called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticule so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival in his felucca. "He engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him; but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it: he gave Dominick, the wine-trader, six hundred zechines for it, (about 250*l.* English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands."

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It consisted of four apartments on the groundfloor — an entrance hall, a drawing-room, a sitting parlour, and a bedroom, with a spacious closet annexed. They



were all simply decorated: plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty book-case: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bedchamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow — the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting-room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works complete; Volney's Ruins of Empires; Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's Messiah; Kotzebue's novels; Schiller's play of the Robbers; Milton's Paradise Lost, an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn, but no English book of any description. Most of these books



were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The Messiah was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

The old man said: "The lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; but," said he, "there they must lie until his return; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders, he would frown upon me for a week together; he is otherways very good. I once did him a service; and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines which I pay to an aged Armenian who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the lord brought here from Adrianople; I don't know for what reason."

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fret-work cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking,



drinking light wines, such as «lachryma christi,» eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away, grapes, oranges and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat with an ornamental wooden back was placed, on which we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. «I suppose,» said the old man, «*praying*,» for he was very devout, and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays."

The view from this seat was what may be termed «a bird's-eye view.» A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain's base. The sea smooth as glass, and an horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chesnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view



more than I did this; but our enquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude: none knew his name but Dominick, his banker, who had gone to Candia. "The Armenian," said our conductor, "could tell, but I am sure he will not." — "And cannot you tell, old friend?" said I — "If I can," said he, "I dare not." We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even *danced* with them at the nuptial feast. He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving these articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt, which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea-shore, and he had bought her a pianoforte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene; our



imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money it was evident: he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in company with Mr. FOSTER, the architect, a pupil of WYATT's, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, "The individual," said he, "about whom you are so anxious, is Lord Byron; I met him in my travels on the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene." We had never then heard of his lordship's fame, as we had been some years from home; but "Childe Harolde" being put into our hands we recognized the recluse of Calcla in every page. Deeply did we regret not having been more curious in our researches at the cottage, but we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning to Mitylene on some future day; but to me that day will never return. I make this statement, believing it not quite uninteresting, and in justice to his lordship's good name, which has been grossly slandered. He has been described as of an unfeeling disposition, averse to associating with human nature, or contributing in any way to sooth its sorrows, or add to its pleasures. The fact is directly the reverse, as may be plainly gathered from these little anecdotes. All the finer feelings



of the heart, so elegantly depicted in his lordship's poems, seem to have their seat in his bosom. Tenderness, sympathy, and charity appear to guide all his actions: and his courting the repose of solitude is an additional reason for marking him as a being on whose heart Religion hath set her seal, and over whose head Benevolence hath thrown her mantle. No man can read the preceding pleasing «traits» without feeling proud of him as a countryman. With respect to his loves or pleasures, I do not assume a right to give an opinion. Reports are ever to be received with caution, particularly when directed against man's moral integrity; and he who dares justify himself before that awful tribunal where all must appear, alone may censure the errors of a fellow-mortal. Lord Byron's character is worthy of his genius. To do good in secret, and shun the world's applause, is the surest testimony of a virtuous heart and selfapproving conscience.

THE END.



# M A Z E P P A.

A POEM

BY LORD BYRON.



The first of these is the fact that the  
 second of these is the fact that the  
 third of these is the fact that the  
 fourth of these is the fact that the  
 fifth of these is the fact that the  
 sixth of these is the fact that the  
 seventh of these is the fact that the  
 eighth of these is the fact that the  
 ninth of these is the fact that the  
 tenth of these is the fact that the



## ADVERTISEMENT.

« CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place, était  
 « un gentilhomme Polonais, nommé Mazeppa,  
 « né dans le palatinat de Padolie; il avait été  
 « élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa  
 « cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une  
 « intrigue qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme  
 « d'un gentilhomme Polonais, ayant été décou-  
 « verte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval  
 « farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le  
 « cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y re-  
 « tourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fa-  
 « tigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secou-  
 « rurent: il resta long-tems parmi eux, et se  
 « signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tar-  
 « tares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna  
 « une grande considération parmi les Cosaques:  
 « sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour,  
 « obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine. » —  
 VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 196.



« Le roi fuyant et poursuivi eut son cheval  
« tué sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et per-  
« dant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi  
« on remit deux fois à cheval, dans la suite, ce  
« conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la  
« bataille. » VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles XII.* p. 216.

« Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quel-  
« ques cavaliers. Le carrosse, où il était, rompit  
« dans la marche; on le remit à cheval. Pour  
« comble de disgrâce, il s'égara pendant la nuit  
« dans un bois; là, son courage ne pouvant plus  
« suppléer à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de  
« sa blessure devenues plus insupportables par la  
« fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude,  
« il se coucha quelques heures au pied d'un arbre,  
« en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par  
« les vainqueurs qui le cherchaient de tout  
« côtés. » — VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.*  
p. 218.



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M A Z E P P A.

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### I.

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,  
 When fortune left the royal Swede,  
 Around a slaughter'd army lay,  
 No more to combat and to bleed.  
 The power and glory of the war,  
 Faithless as their vain votaries, men,  
 Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,  
 And Moscow's walls were safe again,  
 Until a day more dark and drear,  
 And a more memorable year,  
 Should give to slaughter and to shame  
 A mightier host and haughtier name;  
 A greater wreck, a deeper fall,  
 A shock to one — a thunderbolt to all.



## II.

Such was the hazard of the die;  
The wounded Charles was taught to fly  
By day and night through field and flood,  
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;  
For thousands fell that flight to aid:  
And not a voice was heard t'upbraid 20  
Ambition in his humbled hour,  
When truth had nought to dread from power.  
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave  
His own — and died the Russians' slave.  
This too sinks after many a league  
Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue;  
And in the depth of forests, darkling  
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling —  
The beacons of surrounding foes —  
A king must lay his limbs at length. 30  
Are these the laurels and repose  
For which the nations strain their strength?  
They laid him by a savage tree,  
In out-worn nature's agony;  
His wounds were stiff — his limbs were stark —  
The heavy hour was chill and dark;  
The fever in his blood forbade  
A transient slumber's fitful aid:  
And thus it was; but yet through all,  
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall, 40



And made, in this extreme of ill,  
His pangs the vassals of his will;  
All silent and subdued were they,  
As once the nations round him lay

## III.

A band of chiefs! — alas! how few,  
Since but the fleeting of a day  
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true  
And chivalrous; upon the clay  
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,  
Beside his monarch and his steed, 50  
For danger levels man and brute,  
And all are fellows in their need.

Among the rest, Mazeppa made  
His pillow in an old oak's shade —  
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,  
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;  
But first, outspent with this long course,  
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,  
And made for him a leafy bed,

And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane, 60  
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,  
And joy'd to see how well he fed;  
For until now he had the dread  
His wearied courser might refuse  
To browse beneath the midnight dews:



But he was hardy as his lord,  
And little cared for bed and board;  
But spirited and docile too;  
Whate'er was to be done, would do.  
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb, 70  
All Tartar-like he carried him;  
Obey'd his voice, and came at call,  
And knew him in the midst of all:  
Though thousands were around, — and Night,  
Without a star, pursued her flight, —  
That steed from sunset until dawn  
His chief would follow like a fawn.

## IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,  
And laid his lance beneath his oak,  
Felt if his arms in order good 80  
The long day's march had well withstood —  
If still the powder fill'd the pan,  
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock —  
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,  
And whether they had chafed his belt —  
And next the venerable man,  
From out his haversack and can,  
Prepared and spread his slender stock;  
And to the monarch and his men  
The whole or portion offer'd then 90



With far less of inquietude  
Than courtiers at a banquet would.  
And Charles of this his slender share  
With smiles partook a moment there,  
To force of cheer a greater show,  
And seem above both wounds and woe; —  
And then he said — “Of all our band,  
“Though firm of heart and strong of hand,  
“In skirmish, march, or forage, none  
“Can less have said or more have done” 100  
“Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth  
“So fit a pair had never birth,  
“Since Alexander’s days till now,  
“As thy Bucephalus and thou:  
“All Scythia’s fame to thine should yield  
“For pricking on o’er flood and field.”  
Mazeppa answer’d — “Ill betide  
“The school wherein I learn’d to ride!”  
Quoth Charles — “Old Hetman, wherefore so,  
“Since thou hast learn’d the art so well?” 110  
Mazeppa said — “’Twere long to tell;  
“And we have many a league to go  
“With every now and then a blow,  
“And ten to one at least the foe,  
“Before our steeds may graze at ease  
“Beyond the swift Borysthenes:  
“And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,  
“And I will be the sentinel  
“Of this your troop.” — “But I request,”



Said Sweden's monarch, «thou wilt tell 120  
«This tale of thine, and I may reap,  
«Perchance, from this the boon of sleep,  
«For at this moment from my eyes  
«The hope of present slumber flies.»

«Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track  
«My seventy years of memory back:  
«I think 'twas in my twentieth spring, —  
«Ay, 'twas, — when Casimir was king —  
«John Casimir, — I was his page  
«Six summers in my earlier age: 130  
«A learned monarch, faith! was he,  
«And most unlike your majesty:  
«He made no wars, and did not gain  
«New realms to lose them back again;  
«And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)  
«He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;  
«Not that he had no cares to vex,  
«He loved the muses and the sex;  
«And sometimes these so forward are,  
«They made him wish himself at war; 140  
«But soon his wrath being o'er, he took  
«Another mistress, or new book:  
«And then he gave prodigious fêtes —  
«All Warsaw gather'd round his gates  
«To gaze upon his splendid court,  
«And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:  
«He was the Polish Solomon,



„So sung his poets, all but one,  
 „Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,  
 „And boasted that he could not flatter. 150  
 „It was a court of jousts and mimes,  
 „Where every courtier tried at rhymes;  
 „Even I for once produced some verses,  
 „And sign'd my odes Despairing Thirsis.  
 „There was a certain Palatine,  
 „A count of far and high descent,  
 „Rich as a salt or silver mine;\*)  
 „And he was proud, ye may divine,  
 „As if from heaven he had been sent:  
 „He had such wealth in blood and ore 160  
 „As few could match beneath the throne;  
 „And he would gaze upon his store,  
 „And o'er his pedigree would pore,  
 „Until by some confusion led,  
 „Which almost look'd like want of head,  
 „He thought their merits were his own.  
 „His wife was not of his opinion —  
 „His junior she by thirty years —  
 „Grew daily tired of his dominion;  
 „And, after wishes, hopes, and fears, 170  
 „To virtue a few farewell tears,

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\*) This comparison of a „salt mine” may perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.



„ A restless dream or two, some glances  
„ At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,  
„ Awaited but the usual chances,  
„ Those happy accidents which render  
„ The coldest dames so very tender,  
„ To deck her Count with titles given,  
„ 'Tis said, as passports into heaven;  
„ But, strange to say, they rarely boast  
„ Of these who have deserved them most. 180

## V.

„ I was a goodly stripling then;  
„ At seventy years I so may say,  
„ That there were few, or boys or men,  
„ Who, in my dawning time of day,  
„ Of vassal or of knight's degree,  
„ Could vie in vanities with me;  
„ For I had strength, youth, gaiety,  
„ A port, not like to this ye see,  
„ But smooth, as all is rugged now;  
„ For time, and care, and war, have plough'd 190  
„ My very soul from out my brow;  
„ And thus I should be disavow'd  
„ By all my kind and kin, could they  
„ Compare my day and yesterday;  
„ This change was wrought, too, long ere age  
„ Had ta'en my features for his page:



„ With years, ye know, have not declined  
„ My strength, my courage, or my mind,  
„ Or at this hour I should not be  
„ Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200  
„ With starless skies my canopy.  
„ But let me on: Theresa's form —  
„ Methinks it glides before me now,  
„ Between me and yon chestnut's bough,  
„ The memory is so quick and warm;  
„ And yet I find no words to tell  
„ The shape of her I loved so well:  
„ She had the Asiatic eye,  
„ Such as our Turkish neighbourhood  
„ Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210  
„ Dark as above us is the sky;  
„ But through it stole a tender light,  
„ Like the first moonrise at midnight;  
„ Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,  
„ Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;  
„ All love, half languor, and half fire,  
„ Like saints that at the stake expire,  
„ And lift their raptured looks on high,  
„ As though it were a joy to die.  
„ A brow like a midsummer lake, 220  
„ Transparent with the sun therein,  
„ When waves no murmur dare to make,  
„ And heaven beholds her face within.  
„ A cheek and lip — but why proceed?  
„ I loved 'her then — I love her still;



„ And such as I am, love indeed  
„ In fierce extremes — in good and ill.  
„ But still we love even in our rage,  
„ And haunted to our very age  
„ With the vain shadow of the past, 230  
„ As is Mazeppa to the last.

## VI.

„ We met — we gazed — I saw, and sigh'd,  
„ She did not speak, and yet replied;  
„ There are ten thousand tones and signs  
„ We hear and see, but none defines —  
„ Involuntary sparks of thought,  
„ Which strive form out the heart o'erwrought,  
„ And form a strange intelligence,  
„ Alike mysterious and intense,  
„ Which link the burning chain that binds, 240  
„ Without their will, young hearts and minds;  
„ Conveying, at the electric wire,  
„ We know not how, the absorbing fire. —  
„ I saw, and sigh'd — in silence wept,  
„ And still reluctant distance kept,  
„ Until I was made known to her,  
„ And we might then and there confer  
„ Without suspicion — then, even then,  
„ I long'd, and was resolved to speak;  
„ But on my lips they died again, 250



„The accents tremulous and weak,  
„Until one hour. — There is a game,  
„A frivolous and foolish play,  
„Wherewith we while away the day;  
„It is — I have forgot the name —  
„And we to this, it seems, were set,  
„By some strange chance, which I forget:  
„I reck'd not if I won or lost,  
„It was enough for me to be  
„So near to hear, and oh! to see 260  
„The being whom I loved the most. —  
„I watch'd her as a sentinel,  
„(May ours this dark night watch as well!)  
„Until I saw, and thus it was,  
„That she was pensive, nor perceived  
„Her occupation, nor was grieved  
„Nor glad to lose or gain; but still  
„Play'd on for hours, as if her will  
„Yet bound her to the place, though not  
„That hers might be the winning lot. 270  
„Then through my brain the thought did pass  
„Even as a flash of lightning there,  
„That there was something in her air  
„Which would not doom me to despair;  
„And on the thought my words broke forth,  
„All incoherent as they were —  
„Their eloquence was little worth,  
„But yet she listen'd — 'tis enough —  
„Who listens once will listen twice;



"Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,  
 "And one refusal no rebuff.

## VII.

"I loved, and was beloved again —  
 "They tell me, Sire, you never knew  
 "Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,  
 "I shorten all my joy or pain;  
 "To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;  
 "But all men are not born to reign,  
 "Or o'er their passions, or as you  
 "Thus o'er themselves and nations too.  
 "I am — or rather *was* — a prince, 290  
 "A chief of thousands, and could lead  
 "Them on where each would foremost bleed;  
 "But could not o'er myself evince  
 "The like control — But to resume:  
 "I loved, and was beloved again;  
 "In sooth, it is a happy doom,  
 "But yet where happiest ends in pain. —  
 "We met in secret, and the hour  
 "Which led me to that lady's bower  
 "Was fiery Expectation's dower. 300  
 "My days and nights were nothing — all  
 "Except that hour, which doth recal  
 "In the long lapse from youth to age  
 "No other like itself — I'd give



"The Ukraine back again to live  
"It o'er once more — and be a page,  
"The happy page, who was the lord  
"Of one soft heart, and his own sword,  
"And had no other gem nor wealth  
"Save nature's gift of youth and health. — 310  
"We met in secret — doubly sweet,  
"Some say, they find it so to meet;  
"I know not that — I would have given  
"My life but to have call'd her mine  
"In the full view of earth and heaven;  
"For I did oft and long repine  
"That we could only meet by stealth.

## VIII.

"For lovers there are many eyes,  
"And such there were on us; — the devil  
"On such occasions should be civil — 320  
"The devil! — I'm loth to do him wrong,  
"It might be some untoward saint,  
"Who would not be at rest too long,  
"But to his pious bile gave vent —  
"But one fair night, some lurking spies  
"Surprised and seized us both.  
"The Count was something more than wroth —  
"I was unarm'd; but if in steel,  
"All cap-à-pie from head to heel,



"What 'gainst their numbers could I do? — 330

"'Twas near his castle, far away

"From city or from succour near,

"And almost on the break of day;

"I did not think to see another,

"My moments seem'd reduced to few;

"And with one prayer to Mary Mother,

"And, it may be, a saint or two,

"As I resign'd me to my fate,

"They led me to the castle gate:

"Theresa's doom I never knew,

340

"Our lot was henceforth separate. —

"An angry man, ye may opine,

"Was he, the proud Count Palatine;

"And he had reason good to be,

"But he was most enraged lest such

"An accident should chance to touch

"Upon his future pedigree;

"Nor less amazed, that such a blot

"His noble 'scutcheon should have got,

"While he was highest of his line;

350

"Because unto himself he deem'd

"The first of men, nor less he deem'd

"In others' eyes, and most in mine.

"'S death! with a *page* — perchance a king

"Had reconciled him to the thing;

"But with a stripling of a page —

"I felt — but cannot paint his rage.



## IX.

"Bring forth the horse" — the horse was brought;

"In truth, he was a noble steed,

"A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360

"Who look'd as though the speed of thought

"Were in his limbs; but he was wild,

"Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,

"With spur and bridle undefiled —

"'Twas but a day he had been caught;

"And snorting, with erected mane,

"And struggling fiercely, but in vain,

"In the full foam of wrath and dread

"To me the desert-born was led:

"They bound me on, that menial throng, 370

"Upon his back with many a thong;

"Then loosed him with a sudden lash —

"Away! — away! — and on we dash! —

"Torrents less rapid and less rash.

## X.

"Away! away! — My breath was gone —

"I saw not where he hurried on:

"'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,

"And on he foam'd — away! — away! —

"The last of human sounds which rose,



"As I was darted from my foes, 380  
"Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
"Which on the wind came roaring after  
"A moment from that rabble rout:  
"With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,  
"And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane  
"Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,  
"And, writhing half my form about,  
"Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,  
"The thunder of my courser's speed,  
"Perchance they did not hear nor heed: 390  
"It vexes me — for I would fain  
"Have paid their insult back again.  
"I paid it well in after days:  
"There is not of that castle gate,  
"Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,  
"Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;  
"Nor of its fields a blade of grass,  
"Save what grows on a ridge of wall,  
"Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;  
"And many a time ye there might pass, 400  
"Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:  
"I saw its turrets in a blaze,  
"Their crackling battlements all cleft,  
"And the hot lead pour down like rain  
"From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,  
"Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.  
"They little thought that day of pain,  
"When lanch'd, as on the lightning's flash,



"They bade me to destruction dash,  
"That one day I should come again, 410  
"With twice five thousand horse, to thank  
"The Count for his uncourteous ride.  
"They play'd me then a bitter prank,  
"When, with the wild horse for my guide,  
"They bound me to his foaming flank:  
"At length I play'd them one as frank —  
"For time at last sets all things even —  
"And if we do but watch the hour,  
"There never yet was human power  
"Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420  
"The patient search and vigil long  
"Of him who treasures up a wrong.

## XI.

"Away, away, my steed and I,  
"Upon the pinions of the wind,  
"All human dwellings left behind;  
"We sped like meteors through the sky,  
"When with its crackling sound the night  
"Is chequer'd with the northern light:  
"Town — village — none were on our track,  
"But a wild plain of far extent, 430  
"And bounded by a forest black;  
"And, save the scarce seen battlement  
"On distant heights of some strong hold,  
"Against the Tartars built of old,



"No trace of man. The year before  
"A Turkish army had march'd o'er;  
"And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,  
"The verdure flies the bloody sod: —  
"The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,  
"And a low breeze crept moaning by — 440  
"I could have answer'd with a sigh —  
"But fast we fled, away, away —  
"And I could neither sigh nor pray;  
"And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
"Upon the courser's bristling mane;  
"But, snorting still with rage and fear,  
"He flew upon his far career:  
"At times I almost thought, indeed,  
"He must have slacken'd in his speed;  
"But no — my bound and slender frame 450  
"Was nothing to his angry might,  
"And merely like a spur became:  
"Each motion which I made to free  
"My swoln limbs from their agony  
"Increased his fury and affright:  
"I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low,  
"But yet he swerved as from a blow;  
"And, starting to each accent, sprang  
"As from a sudden trumpet's clang:  
"Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460  
"Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;  
"And in my tongue the thirst became  
"A something fierier far than flame.



## XII.

"We near'd the wild wood — 'twas so wide,  
"I saw no bounds on either side;  
"Twas studded with old sturdy trees,  
"That bent not to the roughest breeze  
"Which howls down from Siberia's waste,  
"And strips the forest in its haste, —  
"But these were few, and far between 470  
"Set thick with shrubs more young and green,  
"Luxuriant with their annual leaves,  
"Ere strown by those autumnal eves  
"That nip the forest's foliage dead,  
"Discolour'd with a lifeless red,  
"Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore  
"Upon the slain when battle's o'er,  
"And some long winter's night hath shed  
"Its frost o'er every tombless head,  
"So cold and stark the raven's beak 480  
"May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:  
"Twas a wild waste of underwood,  
"And here and there a chestnut stood,  
"The strong oak, and the hardy pine;  
"But far apart — and well it were,  
"Or else a different lot were mine —  
"The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
"My limbs; and I found strength to bear



"My wounds, already scarr'd with cold —  
"My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490  
"We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
"Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;  
"By night I heard them on the track,  
"Their troop came hard upon our back,  
"With their long gallop, which can tire  
"The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:  
"Where'er we flew they follow'd on,  
"Nor left us with the morning sun;  
"Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
"At day-break winding through the wood, 500  
"And through the night had heard their feet  
"Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
"Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,  
"At least to die amidst the horde,  
"And perish — if it must be so —  
"At bay, destroying many a foe.  
"When first my courser's race begun,  
"I wish'd the goal already won;  
"But now I doubted strength and speed.  
"Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed 510  
"Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;  
"Nor faster falls the blinding snow  
"Which whelms the peasant near the door  
"Whose threshold he shall cross no more,  
"Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,  
"Than through the forest-paths he past —



"Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;  
"All furious as a favour'd child  
"Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still —  
"A woman piqued — who has her will. 520

## XIII.

"The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,  
"But chill the air, although in June;  
"Or it might be my veins ran cold —  
"Prolong'd endurance tames the bold:  
"And I was then not what I seem,  
"But headlong as a wintry stream,  
"And wore my feelings out before  
"I well could count their causes o'er:  
"And what with fury, fear, and wrath,  
"The tortures which beset my path, 530  
"Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,  
"Thus bound in nature's nakedness:  
"Sprung from a race whose rising blood  
"When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,  
"And trodden hard upon, is like  
"The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,  
"What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
"Beneath its woes a moment sunk?  
"The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,  
"I seem'd to sink upon the ground; 540



"But err'd, for I was fastly bound.  
"My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,  
"And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more:  
"The skies spun like a mighty wheel;  
"I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
"And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
"Which saw no farther: he who dies  
"Can die no more than then I died.  
"O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,  
"I felt the blackness come and go, 550  
"And strove to wake; but could not make  
"My senses climb up from below:  
"I felt as on a plank at sea,  
"When all the waves that dash o'er thee,  
"At the same time upheave and whelm,  
"And hurl thee towards a desert realm.  
"My undulating life was as  
"The fancied lights that flitting pass  
"Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when  
"Fever begins upon the brain; 560  
"But soon it pass'd, with little pain,  
"But a confusion worse than such:  
"I own that I should deem it much,  
"Dying, to feel the same again:  
"And yet I do suppose we must  
"Feel far more ere we turn to dust:  
"No matter; I have bared my brow  
"Full in Death's face — before — and now.



## XIV.

"My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,  
"And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse 570  
"Life reassumed its lingering hold,  
"And throb by throb; till grown a pang  
"Which for a moment would convulse,  
"My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;  
"My ear with uncouth noises rang,  
"My heart began once more to thrill;  
"My sight return'd, though dim; alas!  
"And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.  
"Methought the dash of waves was nigh;  
"There was a gleam too of the sky,  
"Studded with stars; — it is no dream; 580  
"The wild horse swims the wilder stream!  
"The bright broad river's gushing tide  
"Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,  
"And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
"To yon unknown and silent shore.  
"The waters broke my hollow trance,  
"And with a temporary strength  
"My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.  
"My courser's broad breast proudly braves, 590  
"And dashes off the ascending waves  
"And onward we advance!  
"We reach the slippery shore at length,

## XI.

G



"A haven I but little prized,  
"For all behind was dark and drear,  
"And all before was night and fear.  
"How many hours of night or day  
"In those suspended pangs I lay,  
"I could not tell; I scarcely knew  
"If this were human breath I drew. 600

## XV.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
"And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
"The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
"Up the repelling bank.  
"We gain the top: a boundless plain  
"Spreads through the shadow of the night,  
"And onward, onward, onward, seems  
"Like precipices in our dreams,  
"To stretch beyond the sight;  
"And here and there a speck of white, 610  
"Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,  
"In masses broke into the light,  
"As rose the moon upon my right.  
"But nought distinctly seen  
"In the dim waste, would indicate  
"The omen of a cottage gate;  
"No twinkling taper from afar  
"Stood like an hospitable star;



"Not even an ignis - fatuus rose  
"To make him merry with my woes: 620  
"That very cheat had cheer'd me then!  
"Although detected, welcome still,  
"Reminding me, through every ill,  
"Of the abodes of men.

## XVI.

"Onward we went — but slack and slow;  
"His savage force at length o'erspent,  
"The drooping courser, faint and low,  
"All feebly foaming went.  
"A sickly infant had had power  
"To guide him forward in that hour; 630  
"But useless all to me.  
"His new-born tameness nought avail'd,  
"My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,  
"Perchance, had they been free.  
"With feeble effort still I tried  
"To rend the bonds so starkly tied —  
"But still it was in vain;  
"My limbs were only wrung the more,  
"And soon the idle strife gave o'er,  
"Which but prolong'd their pain: 640  
"The dizzy race seem'd almost done,  
"Although no goal was nearly won:  
"Some streaks announced the coming sun —



"How slow, alas! he came!  
"Methought that mist of dawning gray  
"Would never dapple into day;  
"How heavily it roll'd away —  
"Before the eastern flame  
"Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,  
"And call'd the radiance from their cars, 650  
"And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,  
"With lonely lustre, all his own.

## XVII.

"Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd  
"Back from the solitary world  
"Which lay around — behind — before:  
"What boot'd it to traverse o'er  
"Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,  
"Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
"Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;  
"No sign of travel — none of toil; 660  
"The very air was mute;  
"And not an insect's shrill small horn,  
"Nor matin bird's new voice was borne  
"From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,  
"Panting as if his heart would burst,  
"The weary brute still stagger'd on;  
"And still we were — or seem'd — alone:  
"At length, while reeling on our way,



- "Methought I heard a courser neigh,  
"From out yon tuft of blackening firs. 970  
"Is it the wind those branches stir?  
"No, no! from out the forest prance  
"A trampling troop; I see them come!  
"In one vast squadron they advance!  
"I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.  
"The steeds rush on in plunging pride;  
"But where are they the reins to guide?  
"A thousand horse — and none to ride!  
"With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
"Wide nostrils — never stretch'd by pain, 680  
"Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
"And feet that iron never shod,  
"And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.  
"A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
"Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
"Came thickly thundering on,  
"As if our faint approach to meet;  
"The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,  
"A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
"A moment, with a faint low neigh, 690  
"He answer'd, and then fell;  
"With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
"And reeking limbs immoveable,  
"His first and last career is done!  
"On came the troop — they saw him stoop,  
"They saw me strangely bound along  
"His back with many a bloody thong:



"They stop — they start — they snuff the air,

"Gallop a moment here and there,

"Approach, retire, wheel round and round, 700

"Then plunging back with sudden bound,

"Headed by one black mighty steed,

"Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,

"Without a single speck or hair

"Of white upon his shaggy hide;

"They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,

"And backward to the forest fly,

"By instinct, from a human eye. —

"They left me there, to my despair,

"Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710

"Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,

"Relieved from that unwonted weight,

"From whence I could not extricate

"Nor him nor me — and there we lay,

"The dying on the dead!

"I little deem'd another day

"Would see my houseless, helpless head.

"And there from morn till twilight bound,

"It felt the heavy hours toil round,

"With just enough of life to see 720

"My last of suns go down on me,

"In hopeless certainty of mind,

"That makes us feel at length resign'd

"To that which our foreboding years

"Presents the worst and last of fears]



" Inevitable — even a boon,  
" Nor more unkind for coming soon;  
" Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,  
" As if it only were a snare  
" That prudence might escape: 730  
" At times both wish'd for and implored,  
" At times sought with self-pointed sword,  
" Yet still a dark and hideous close  
" To even intolerable woes,  
" And welcome in no shape.  
" And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,  
" They who have revell'd beyond measure  
" In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,  
" Die calm, or calmer, oft than he  
" Whose heritage was misery: 740  
" For he who hath in turn run through  
" All that was beautiful and new,  
" Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;  
" And, save the future, (which is view'd  
" Not quite as men are base or good,  
" But as their nerves may be endued),  
" With nought perhaps to grieve: —  
" The wretch still hopes his woes must end,  
" And Death, whom he should deem his friend,  
" Appears, to his distemper'd eyes, 750  
" Arrived to rob him of his prize,  
" The tree of his new Paradise.  
" To-morrow would have given him all,  
" Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;



" To - morrow would have been the first  
 " Of days no more deplored or curst,  
 " But bright, and long, and beckoning years,  
 " Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,  
 " Guerdon of many a painful hour;  
 " To - morrow would have given him power 760  
 " To rule, to shine, to smite, to save —  
 " And must it dawn upon his grave?

## XVIII.

" The sun was sinking — still I lay  
 " Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,  
 " I thought to mingle there our clay;  
 " And my dim eyes of death had need,  
 " No hope arose of being freed:  
 " I cast my last looks up the sky,  
 " And there between me and the sun  
 " I saw the expecting raven fly: 770  
 " Who scarce would wait till both should die,  
 " Ere his repast begun;  
 " He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,  
 " And each time nearer than before;  
 " I saw his wing through twilight flit,  
 " And once so near me he alit  
 " I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;  
 " But the slight motion of my hand,  
 " And feeble scratching of the sand,



" The exerted throat's faint struggling noise, 780  
" Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,  
" Together scared him off at length. —  
" I know no more — my latest dream  
" Is something of a lovely star  
" Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,  
" And went and came with wandering beam,  
" And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense  
" Sensation of recurring sense,  
" And then subsiding back to death,  
" And then again a little breath, 790  
" A little thrill, a short suspense,  
" An icy sickness curdling o'er  
" My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain —  
" A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
" A sigh, and nothing more.

## XIX

" I woke — Where was I? — Do I see  
" A human face look down on me?  
" And doth a roof above me close?  
" Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
" Is this a chamber where I lie? 800  
" And is it mortal yon bright eye,  
" That watches me with gentle glance?  
" I closed my own again once more,  
" As doubtful that the former trance  
" Could not as yet be o'er.



" A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,  
" Sate watching by the cottage wall;  
" The sparkle of her eye I caught,  
" Even with my first return of thought;  
" For ever and anon she threw 810  
" A prying, pitying glance on me  
" With her black eyes so wild and free:  
" I gazed, and gazed, until I knew  
" No vision it could be, —  
" But that I lived, and was released  
" From adding to the vulture's feast:  
" And when the Cossack maid beheld  
" My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,  
" She smiled — and I essay'd to speak,  
" But fail'd — and she approach'd, and made 820  
" With lip and finger signs that said,  
" I must not strive as yet to break  
" The silence, till my strength should be  
" Enough to leave my accents free;  
" And then her hand on mine she laid,  
" And smooth'd the pillow for my head,  
" And stole along on tiptoe tread,  
" And gently oped the door, and spake  
" In whispers — ne'er was voice so sweet!  
" Even music follow'd her light feet: — 830  
" But those she call'd were not awake,  
" And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,  
" Another look on me she cast,  
" Another sign she made, to say,



" That I had nought to fear, that all  
 " Were near, at my command or call,  
 " And she would not delay  
 " Her due return: — while she was gone,  
 " Methought I felt too much alone.

## XX.

" She came with mother and with sire — 840  
 " What need of more? — I will not tire  
 " With long recital of the rest,  
 " Since I became the Cossacks' guest,  
 " They found me senseless on the plain —  
 " They bore me to the nearest hut —  
 " They brought me into life again —  
 " Me — one day o'er their realm to reign!  
 " Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
 " His rage, refining on my pain,  
 " Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850  
 " Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
 " To pass the desert to a throne, —  
 " What mortal his own doom may guess? —  
 " Let none despond, let none despair!  
 " To-morrow the Borysthenes  
 " May see our coursers graze at ease  
 " Upon his Turkish bank, — and never  
 " Had I such welcome for a river  
 " As I shall yield when safely there.  
 " Comrades, good night!" — The Hetman threw 860



His length beneath the oak-tree shade,  
With leafy couch already made,  
A bed nor comfortless nor new  
To him, who took his rest whene'er  
The hour arrived, no matter where: —

His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.  
And if ye marvel Charles forgot  
To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not, —  
The king had been an hour asleep.



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## O D E.

### I.

**O**H Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls  
 Are level with the waters, there shall be  
 A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,  
 A loud lament along the sweeping sea!  
 If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,  
 What should thy sons do? — any thing but weep:  
 And yet thy only murmur in their sleep.  
 In contrast with their fathers — as the slime,  
 The dull green ooze of the receding deep,  
 Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam, 10  
 That drives the sailor shipless to his home,  
 Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,  
 Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping  
 streets.

Oh! agony — that centuries should reap.  
 No mellowed harvest! Thirteen hundred years



Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;  
And every monument the stranger meets,  
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;  
And even the Lion all subdued appears,  
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum, 20  
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats  
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along  
The soft waves, once all musical to song,  
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng  
Of gondolas — and to the busy hum  
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds  
Were but the overbeating of the heart,  
And flow of too much happiness, which needs  
The aid of age to turn its course apart  
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood 30  
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.  
But these are better than the gloomy errors,  
The weeds of nations in their last decay,  
When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,  
And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;  
And Hope is nothing but a false delay,  
The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,  
When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,  
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning  
Of the cold staggering race which Death is win-  
ning, 40  
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;  
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,  
To him appears renewal of his breath,











Which they abhor, confound not with the cause  
 Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,  
 Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite  
 But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth  
 With all her seasons to repair the blight  
 With a few summers, and again put forth  
 Cities and generations — fair, when free —  
 For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee! 100

## III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers  
 . With Freedom — godlike Triad! how ye sate!  
 The league of mightiest nations, in those hours  
 When Venice was an envy, might abate,  
 But did not quench, her spirit — in her fate  
 All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew  
 And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,  
 Although they humbled — with the kingly few  
 The many felt, for from all days and climes  
 She was the voyager's worship; — even her crimes  
 Were of the softer order — born of Love, 111  
 She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,  
 But gladden'd where her harmless conquests  
 spread;

For these restored the Cross, that from above  
 Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant  
 Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,



Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may  
thank

The city it has clothed in chains, which clank  
Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe  
The name of Freedom to her glorious strug-  
gles; 120

Yet she but shares with them a common woe,  
And call'd the "kingdom" of a conquering foe, —  
But knows what all — and, most of all, we know —  
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

#### IV.

The mane of Commonwealth is past and gone  
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;  
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own  
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;  
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone  
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time, 130  
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,  
And in its own good season tramples down  
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,  
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean  
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion  
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and  
Bequeath'd — a heritage of heart and hand,  
And proud distinction from each other land,  
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's  
motion,



As if his senseless sceptre were a wand 140  
Full of the magic of exploded science —  
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,  
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,  
Above the far Atlantic! — She has taught  
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag.  
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag.  
May strike to those whose red right hands have  
bought

Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still,  
for ever

Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,  
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep 150  
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,  
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,  
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,  
Three paces, and then faltering: — better be  
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,  
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,  
Than stagnate in our marsh, — or o'er the deep  
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,  
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,  
One freeman more, America, to thee! 160

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A F R A G M E N T.



A - F R A G M E N T .



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## A FRAGMENT.

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*June 17, 1816.*

IN the year 17 —, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family — advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and



university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentrated: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were cir-



cumstances alleged, which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other — and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength.



This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise — he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition — but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I



regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer — and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana — the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques — when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this “city of the dead” appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose: — contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with



age: — upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a halfreclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency — but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, «Suleiman, verbana su,» (i. e. bring some water,) and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, «How did you know this? — He replied, «From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs. I have also been here before.»

«You have been here before! — How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?»

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to



return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent — and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

“This is the end of my journey, and of my life — I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command — for such my last words must be — You will observe it?”

“Most certainly; but have better hopes.”

“I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this — conceal my death from every human being.”

“I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and —”

“Peace! — it must be so: promise this.”

“I do.”

“Swear it, by all that” — He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

“There is no occasion for this — I will observe your request; and to doubt me is —”

“It cannot be helped, — you must swear.”

I took the oath: it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded —



«On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour.»

«Why?»

«You will see.»

«The ninth day of the month, you say?»

«The ninth.»

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be stedfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled: he spoke — I know not whether to himself or to me — but the words were only, «'Tis well!»

«What is well? what do you mean?»



«No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions.»

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, «You perceive that bird?»

«Certainly.»

«And the serpent writhing in her beak?»

«Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it.»

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, «It is not yet time!» As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment, it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken — his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of



receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE END.







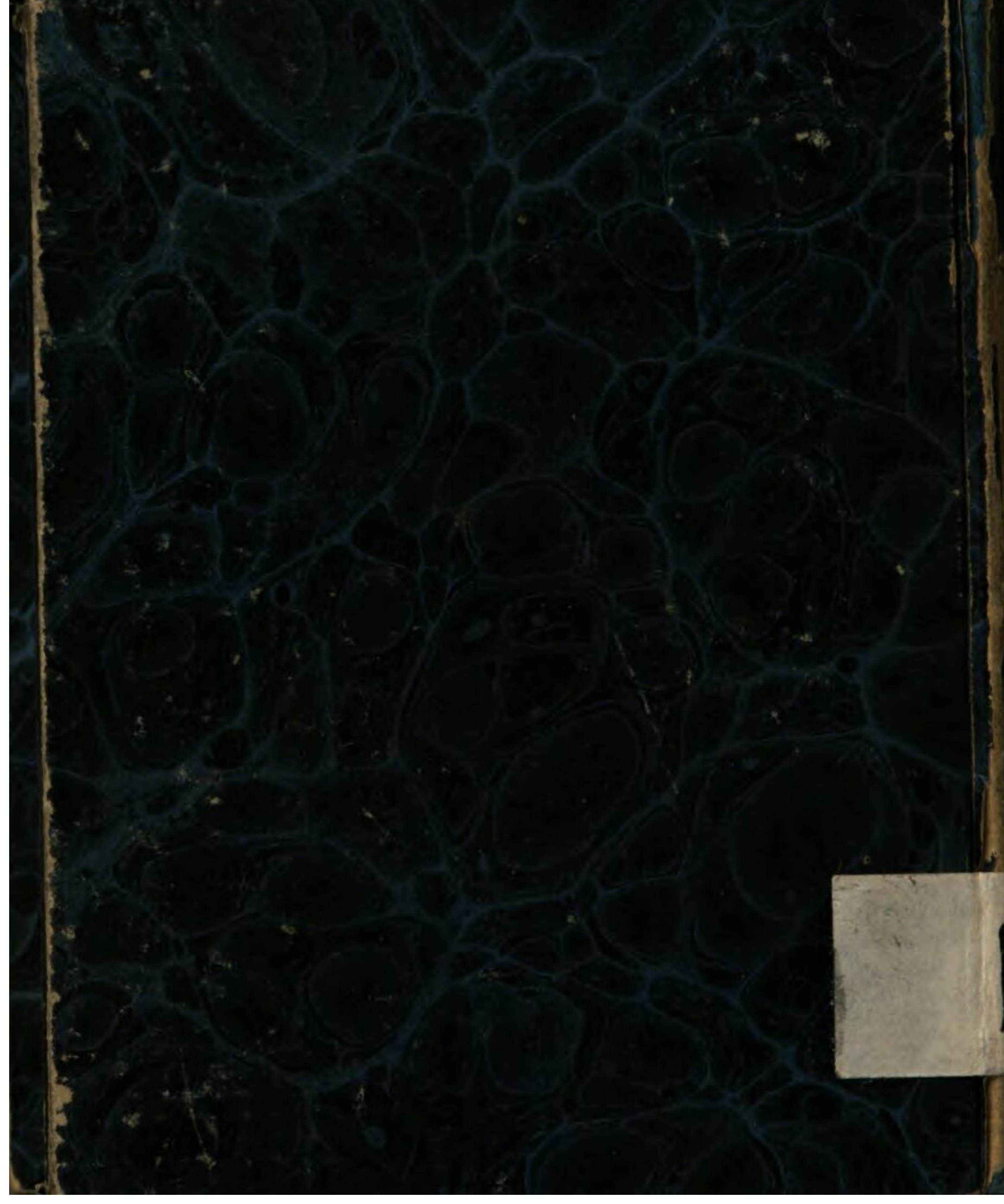














Byron, George Gordon Byron

The works of the right honourable Lord Byron

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